

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXVII.

MAY, 1846.

No. 5.

STRAY LEAVES FROM FAMILY HISTORY.

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AMONG other victims in the war of the revolution, who found bloody and early graves in Canada, were two brothers, lieutenants in the British army. They were brave, gay, handsome young soldiers as ever carried a musket or enlivened a garrison; and married to two charming, lovely women, who never formed a hope of happiness without their husbands occupying a prominent place in the centre of it. Peace, which brought joy and revelry to the city of Quebec, found them desolate, heart-broken widows, weeping bitterly, and clasping convulsively their little fatherless children. Having now to be both father and mother to a young family, these two excellent women endeavored to combat their grief that they might have strength to fulfil faithfully this double duty which God and Nature had devolved upon them. They removed to the town of York, which was then being settled, and claimed from the government as emigrants their right of town lots, upon which, adjoining each other, they built two small houses, such as suited their limited means; and hoped, by the help of management and economy, so to educate and bring up their children, that they might become worthy and respectable members of society. The widows were born in the same neighborhood, and had been attached to each other from childhood; but since their trouble, grief and circumstances had so sorely tried and proved their worth, that each thought the other her superior, and both came to the same conclusion, that neither would act, without first consulting the judgment and advice of the other. This partnership of affection succeeded so happily, that it not only increased their pecuniary means, but conduced greatly to the welfare of the children.

Fortunately the two eldest were boys of good parts and kind dispositions. Their mothers had sufficiently impressed upon them the

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necessity of mental exertion, and had taken all pains to procure the best teachers that the province then afforded. They said little to them about morals, wisely concluding that example, the reading of books which delineated noble and generous characters; the cultivation and daily exercise of the kind affections; an habitual deference and instantaneous concession to the rights of others; the encouraging a high-minded hatred of meanness and injustice, as debasing to personal character, and injurious to society; would make a deeper and more permanent impression than all the wise *advice* that tongue could utter. They likewise taught them that God's strength was all-powerful, and man's but weakness; that humility brings high teachings and soars on angels' wings, but that pride was a painted earth-worm, always grovelling, until it sank in the rank mould. In those days, my young friends, there were fire-sides; it is a pity there are none now.

I am an old white-headed man, shaking over a stick; yet my eyes fill with tears when memory brings a picture (as she often does, for the old always return to their boyhood) of the widows' happy easy fireside. I was a boy with their boys — an orphan; and having no other home than a school, they kindly encouraged me to spend my evenings with them. It was not then as now, if company called of an evening, instead of being shown into a stately unwelcome-looking room, and the one you inquire for coming down alone, to 'entertain' you, I think they phrase it. No — and I am thankful that I was young in those genial days — no; you were at once admitted to the *home*, to the very sanctuary of the family hearth; there you saw woman in her true glory, crowned by the domestic virtues, dispensing and receiving a happiness that, imperceptibly improved, purified and exalted all who shared its bliss. We boys used to look forward to the pleasure of the evening as a reward for our industry and good conduct during the day. A few sensible people used to drop in sociably for the pleasure of each other's society; when, unfettered by etiquette and free from vanity, they were by turns either sages or children, just as the humor inclined. Sometimes we had the advantage of listening to discourses wise and eloquent as ever fell from the lips of experience in legislative halls; then again to the discussion of grave questions which affect the well-being of man and society. Sometimes old officers who had travelled through all countries would again live over the days of their youth, recounting the horrible perils and fortunate escapes of war, and exciting our youthful imaginations with wondrous tales of strange lands, singular people and odd customs; enriched by observation and anecdotes of great men and eminent characters.

We boys felt early a keen interest in all those subjects that are usually talked of by well-educated men, and were encouraged to take a proper and modest share in the conversation. If we made a pertinent remark, it was answered, and the subject farther enlightened to our comprehension; if we related a familiar occurrence, or an historical anecdote that was applicable, it was always received for what it was worth; and in this delightful manner we gained

fresh information every evening. Sometimes laughing Pleasure conquered old Time and flew away with the hours ; mirth, gayety, joke and song made them seem so short, that we would all come to the conclusion that they must have been stolen, and never could have passed. Ah ! they may talk about their ' lectures,' and all the instruction they convey, but give me the fire-side, with a few intelligent friends, where the old instruct the young and the young enliven the old : there is more improvement to be gained in one evening from the conversation of a few sensible, virtuous, well-informed men and women ; mind ye, not of intellect alone, but of manners, mind and heart ; in short of our whole nature, than from twenty lectures. I must repeat again, I am sorry for the youth, that fire-sides have gone out of fashion. But I beg pardon, and promise that I will not again make such a prosy digression. I can plead no other excuse than the garrulity of old age, which always returns to its happiest hours.

The boys grew up to be all that their mothers wished ; and it is to their fortunes that I shall confine myself. I will call them William and George Hazlitt ; for their family name is so well known that it would not be proper to introduce it here. William grew up to be a fine, handsome, noble young man. He studied law and eloquence, and became a counsellor ; a profession for which nature had peculiarly fitted him. He had the most ardent veneration for justice, and an intuitive perception that instantly separated truth from falsehood. His observation was so keen, and his judgment so accurate, that it enabled him to note, compare and combine almost imperceptible flaws of discrepancy with a skill and promptitude that invariably detected the artful cloakings that shrouded guilt, and cleared away the unfortunate appearances and aspersions that sometimes cloud innocence. He felt that there was no profession more ennobling than that of the law, when righteously followed ; and that on its just administration depended the order and well-being of society. He would point to Russia, France and Great Britain, and in a triumphant manner ask, who in these countries had been the steady, firm, unflinching advocate, and carried into effect the extension of popular rights ; who but their brave and patriotic lawyers ? George chose a no less useful profession ; he studied for a physician. ' If it does not confer celebrity, I can at least hope to do some good among the poor and the suffering,' was his modest observation ; and never man entered life with a more earnest desire to benefit every human being than George Hazlitt. I have known him sit night after night by the side of afflicted poverty, in hopes of restoring a father or mother to a destitute family, or a sick infant to its weeping parents. How often have I heard burst from his lips the fervent prayer, ' Oh God ! enable me to help them !' It required but a short time to make evident their worth, industry and talent ; and in a few years they were looked upon as two of the most beloved, opulent, and respectable citizens in the province. William served successively in all the offices that his fellow citizens could bestow ; he was no less honored and trusted by the Home Government, which appointed him to several of the most eminent and lucrative law de-

partments. George, who possessed all the talent, but was far more sensitive than William, shrank from the glare and tumult of public life; and perhaps a circumstance that occurred about this time might have deadened his predilection in favor of domestic retirement.

We had been fellow students and were always inseparable friends. Walking together one evening up King-street, a little boy, frightened and out of breath, rushed up, and clung to the skirt of George's coat, crying, 'Come, oh! come, Sir, or the lady will die!'

'Where? where? my good boy; show us the way, and we will follow.'

The child ran swiftly on for a few moments, and entered a low, dilapidated cottage. He motioned us to come up stairs into a small garret bed-room. Suspended from one of the beams hung a tin lantern, in which burnt an unsnuffed, guttering tallow-candle, that shed only a partial light on a most comfortless looking apartment. 'Miss Mary, I have brought the doctor,' said the little boy.

'Thank God!' replied a faint, trembling sweet voice, scarcely audible from agitation: 'oh! gentlemen, do something for my poor mother, who has long fainted, and I cannot bring her to.'

We trimmed the candle, that we might have sufficient light to observe our patient. But what was our surprise to see, lying on a low wooden bedstead, one of the most magnificent and handsome women that had ever met our eyes. She must have been full six feet in height, and her whole form seemed modelled from the finest statuary marble. The contour of the face was oval, and the features of that perfect noble cast which are supposed to indicate birth, goodness and intellect. We raised one of the delicate hands that, white as snow, lay on the dark brown worsted quilt, and applied our fingers to the pulse, but no pulse beat in the veins; we looked at the countenance, and there reigned that entire tranquil repose which the angel of death alone can impart. The daughter had risen, and was endeavoring with her hand to shade the light off of eyes that would never more open. 'I am afraid,' said she, in the same agitated voice, 'when my dear mother revives, that she might feel frightened at the glare and presence of strangers.'

We looked up and saw a sweet, trembling, pale, sorrowful-looking girl, whose blue eyes were fixed on us with the earnest, anxious, pleading look of one who petitions for the life of all she most loved. Unable longer to control her emotion, the tears poured down like rain: she sunk on the bed, and throwing her arms round her mother, buried her face in her bosom, sobbing convulsively, 'Oh, mother! speak one word to your poor Mary! Speak, dear mother! to your own child, who has no other friend on the wide earth!'

We recoiled from the sad task of telling her that her mother would never speak more. George whispered me, 'This afflicted child needs a care and tenderness beyond that of men.' He wrote a note and despatched it by the boy, entreating the presence and assistance of his mother. The young girl rose, and commanded herself sufficiently to say, 'Oh! if you are doctors, do something for her!' She saw the tears in our eyes, for we could not repress

them, and the look of deep pity with which we regarded her; and then it flashed like lightning through her mind that her mother was dead! She shrieked, and fell fainting at our feet. George's good mother, ever expeditious in the cause of benevolence, soon arrived, accompanied by two serving-women; and we left them to perform the last sad duties to the lifeless mother, and recover the almost lifeless daughter. During the two days preparatory to the funeral, and also on that day, Mary seemed stupified by despair. She sat constantly by the coffin, her features rigid as marble, and her tearless eyes fixed immoveably on the corpse. We dreaded to remove the body, thinking that she would burst into a paroxysm of grief that might sweep reason from its throne. Contrary to our expectations, she saw her mother laid in the grave with the same stony aspect, without either tear or lamentation. When we returned to Mrs. Hazlitt's, we tried without effect every effort to rouse her from this fatal lethargy; when a little Italian grey-hound, a pet of her mother's, that had been shut up for fear of disturbing her, rushed hurriedly into the room, and jumped into the forlorn girl's lap; he placed his paws on her shoulders, crouching his face close to hers, and whined long and mournfully. She clasped the dog round the neck, saying, 'Poor, poor Fidèle!' while the tears coursed down her cheeks. She wept herself into a state of entire exhaustion; save at intervals, when her chest would heave with long, deep, broken sobs; followed by a low, wailing, muttered moan of 'Oh! God! give me a quiet grave! Take home thy poor child, who has no one to love her now!'

Mrs. Hazlitt pressed the sufferer to her heart; saying, 'My dear soul, I cannot try to console you; but just let me whisper, that in the future you shall ever be to me a most dear daughter.'

Worn-out nature, at last utterly exhausted, sank into a profound sleep, which lasted for twelve hours. On awakening, her grief assumed a more softened character, and she expressed fervent gratitude to the kind friends by whom she was surrounded. By degrees she gained serenity. Her many amiable and endearing qualities won the love and esteem of all. But I could soon see that George had met the one whose destiny was to blend indissolubly with his. There existed that mysterious harmony, that intuitive understanding, that instantaneous, eloquent, yet silent communion; which reveals, sympathizes, and responds to the whole being of another. Having once met, they had no power to separate. Had the globe divided them, they would have been ever present, and have thought but of each other. Living or dead, there was that union of soul and spirit which neither time nor death can conquer.

Mary's father had undergone the common fate experienced by most of those called 'well-educated young men,' who settle as cultivators in the country parts of Canada. He had in England married a lady of a rank superior to his own, who by so doing had offended her relations. They each had some property, and dazzled by the favorable accounts that are usually given of new countries, united to the eager wish that the English always have of becoming

large cultivators, determined them to emigrate to the Canadas. Mr. Carlton was represented to me, by those who had known him, as an indolent gentlemanly man, of more than ordinary acquirements. He had graduated at Oxford with more than usual *éclat*, and was one of those who would have been an ornament to polished society, but had had the very worst possible education for a settler in a new country. He could talk of all things and do none, in a situation where work was imperative and words useless. Year after year frittered away in contemplated improvements, and year after year found them in a hut, shrouded in the woods in summer, and buried in the snow in winter. He had neither the strong arm nor persevering industry of the laborer, nor the ready invention and unremitting energy of the man of business; and while he saw those who were considered infinitely his inferiors, every day rising in the social scale, and himself descending, he remained wholly unconscious of his own defects, and blindly thought that it was owing to fortuitous circumstances, which had favored their endeavors and frustrated his own. His yielding character, easily impressed by events and circumstances, accommodated itself to his fallen fortunes. His chief amusement was gunning and fishing: by degrees he sank into a neglected, unshaven, rough-shod, Robinson Crusoe-looking creature; and no one could have recognized the gay, fashionable, elegant Henry Carlton, who a few years before had won the heart of rank and beauty. He surrendered the farm to the management of two laborers, who contrived to supply the family and themselves with provisions. His poor wife, tenderly nurtured, and still attached to him; for with all the tenacious affection of woman, she thought of him as he once had been; suffered privations that gradually undermined a naturally strong constitution. Not knowing that the land was mortgaged, she indulged a hope that could they sell, her husband might yet be restored to himself and society.

In the mean time, their little girl was her only solace; the intuitive quickness of the child had enabled her to gain from her mother in solitude all those graces which it is supposed an introduction to society alone can confer. Year after year passed by, each diminishing something from their slender stock of comforts; and as they diminished, his love of stimulants and sullen apathy increased. He talked of applying to his friends in the old country, to solicit some situation for him under government; when one day, in the midst of these procrastinations, death suddenly surprised him. 'Oh! but it was woful and never to be forgotten,' as poor Mary once said to me, 'to be alone in the deep woods, with a dead father and distracted mother! I tried to remember that God was our heavenly FATHER, but at times I would almost forget it!' Mrs. Carlton felt that she had not long to live, and thought she would return with her daughter to her own country; and she hoped that her friends, softened by her sufferings, would not refuse to a dying mother protection for her innocent and beautiful daughter. She visited the lawyer who had bought the land which had proved such a fatal speculation,

with the intention of disposing of it at any price; but what was the surprise and alarm of this unfortunate lady, to find that it was then advertised for sale, to close a bond and mortgage; and that she was an indigent stranger in a foreign country, without the means of even procuring a shelter for herself and daughter.

On leaving the lawyer's office, she met a poor Irish woman to whom she had rendered assistance some years before, when living in the country. This grateful creature had never forgotten her benefactress, and had often prayed for the blessing of God to fall on the good lady who had helped her in her sore trouble; and, when she saw her changed appearance, or as she expressed it, 'the heart-sorrow heavy on her countenance,' she could not refrain from grasping her hand, and offering her sympathy and service in all ways. At that moment Mrs. Carlton felt that her child and herself were outcasts on the earth; that among the whole human family there was no one place of admittance for them. When the tones of kindness and commiseration met her ear, they swept away all artificial distinctions; and the high-born bowed her head on the neck of the humble washer-woman, and wept aloud. Peggy O'Brian supported the unhappy lady, and entreated her to come into her poor place and rest until she was more composed. Mrs. Carlton made no scruple of telling Peggy her destitute condition. 'Stay here, and a thousand welcomes!' said the kind-hearted creature; 'until it please the great God in his mercy to do something better for yez.' The miserable woman was thankful for even this humble shelter, until she could arrange her ideas, and decide upon what was best to be done.

But her troubles in this world were soon to end. The unnatural tension to which she had strained her nerves, in the endeavor to combat and repress her feelings during the day, acting on an enfeebled and diseased constitution, caused a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain, which those around her had mistaken for a fainting-fit, to which she had been subject for some time; and it was on this eventful evening when our unavailing services were required, that gave Mary to the friends who afterward loved her so dearly. There was an unconscious grace and sincerity in all she said and did, that sprang from a truthful nature, and innate sense of propriety, unchecked by rules of art. Her nature was noble, child-like and affectionate. The simple life she had led in the forest, with a few books, birds and flowers for her chief amusements, stimulated neither vanity nor selfishness, and left no craving for false excitement; and she could never seem to understand the eager craving of the many after fine clothes, fine houses, and fashionable amusements. Her life had always been in the affections; they were to her the essence of existence, the source of all bliss. She had grown up in solitude, in intimate communion with her own soul and inanimate nature; which had revealed to her almost childish simplicity, high, wise, holy and beautiful truths, as unconsciously as the unfolding flowers receive beauty and perfume; and if not thoroughly educated, according to the ideas of a boarding-school miss, she was certainly a most lovely and loving woman.

George and Mary were married, amid the good wishes of all. Seven years of unchanging happiness flew rapidly by, when they had the great sorrow to lose that excellent and much-loved mother, to whom, under God, they owed all obligations. William had married a splendid, queenly-looking English woman, with a heart and mind as noble as her appearance; one who was an honor to his house and name, and fully capable of sustaining his reputation at home or abroad. He was now advanced to the highest law-office in the province, that of Chief Justice, which had never before been held by so young a man, or by a Canadian born. It was in vain that he endeavored to kindle the ambition of George. 'No, no!' he would laughingly reply, 'Mary and I are two shade-loving flowers, that bloom brightest in the privacy of home. What monarch,' he would say, resting his eyes fondly on his adoring wife, 'ever had such an efficient prime minister? or such affectionate subjects?' giving a fatherly glance toward the children. 'No; I am contented to be the father of a happy family; and Mary would rather be the mother of my children than to have a crown placed on her brow.'

They had been married ten years, each one bringing an added store of joy and content, when Dr. Hazlitt received a letter, informing him that the decease of a distant relation in the old country had left at his disposal a large fortune, the arrangement of which required his personal attendance in Quebec. August had commenced, and it was rather later in the season than he would have chosen to make the journey; but he hastened his departure in consequence of information which he had received respecting an illegitimate brother; for his father, like most young Englishmen at that time in the army, had been very wild in his youth; and the sin of the father was visited sorely on the children. Mrs. Hazlitt, after the death of her husband, sought out the mother of this boy, and offered to make a suitable provision for him, and to pay for his education at school, if she would promise not to use any counteracting influences against the plan of life that was proposed for him. He was a boy of more than common abilities, and although fourteen, this noble-minded woman thought that good instruction and example, such as would enable him to earn a comfortable and respectable livelihood, might prevent him from falling into that course of evil which a longer residence with his mother would infallibly entail. The mother refused this offer, partly from a natural fondness for the boy, who was very handsome and witty, and partly as his reckless daring and pointed remarks had made him a kind of pet among the officers, who frequently gave him money for becoming their agent in various tricks that the regiments were continually playing off against each other. He likewise had an exceedingly melodious voice; and the songs of 'the warbler,' as he was nicknamed, were rewarded with a liberality that gratified the cupidity of the mother, for he always divided with her his earnings. Thus, from the unfortunate situation of this poor boy, his very talents proved the most fatal enemies to his well-doing. A few years after Mrs. Hazlitt left Quebec, she heard that this young man had en-

listed; and that shortly after, a court-martial had found him guilty of insubordination and disobedience to orders, for engaging in a personal encounter with a young officer who had insulted a girl to whom he was attached. Having been severely punished and disgraced, contrary to all his ideas of natural justice, he deserted; first taking, in the presence of several comrades, a solemn oath of undying revenge; which he so faithfully kept, that a few days after the body of his oppressor was found floating on the St. Lawrence, with the black mark of a death-grip around his throat. Search was made in every direction for the deserter and murderer; but he seemed to have vanished, and it was supposed that he had evaded his pursuers and escaped to the States.

About the time that George came of age, this unfortunate met him in secret, and disclosed to him their near relationship. Destitute almost to starvation; the law his foe, even unto death; many enemies, and no friends; he resolved, as a last resource, to appeal (although with the inconstancy of the wretched, he denied that man had feeling) to the sympathy of his more fortunate brother. Naturally imperious and arrogant, misfortune, injustice and insult had stimulated and concentrated these feelings into a ferocious, sullen, gloomy pride, that disdained man and defied heaven. From the misdeeds of a few he falsely judged that all were wicked, cruel and deceitful; that law was tyranny, religion hypocrisy, man a monster and God a fiction. The virtues of mankind seemed to him but a long catalogue of mean vices: to his diseased nature, the vilest criminal seemed not the worst but the most unfortunate of mankind. George saw, understood, and though horror-struck at the distorted moral vision of the almost frenzied creature, felt also great compassion and pity for his dreadful sufferings; and hoped that kindness and improved circumstances might soften this mental ferocity. He spoke to him in the kindest and most feeling manner, and divided with him that portion of fortune which he received on coming of age. He likewise entreated him, in case of any emergency, to apply to him, and he would always assist him to the extent of his power. The apparently hardened man was so overcome by this unexpected sympathy, that he leaned his head on his hand, but could not conceal the tears that trickled through his fingers. 'I thought to have hidden them,' said he, 'but I cannot. I am ashamed for my folly; tears have never been in my eyes but once since boyhood; it was when they laid my misguided mother in her grave; and from that until the present time, a kind word or a good wish has never met my ear. But farewell!' continued he, giving George a grip of the hand which left a mark for many days; 'we shall perhaps meet again—I a wiser and better man. If all had been like you, I might have believed that a God had created them!'

George had often felt anxious for, but had never heard any thing of his unfortunate brother, until the present time; when he had strong reasons for believing that he lay in jail at Quebec, waiting trial for a capital crime. To ascertain the truth of this information, Dr. Hazlitt determined to undertake the journey instantly; for should

his suspicions prove true, he resolved to procure good counsel, and employ means that would insure a fair trial. It was the first time that Mary and he had ever parted; and she, with that apprehensive affection which in woman always accompanies true devotion, grieved as if they would never meet more. To all the rallying remonstrances of her friends she would reply, 'My heart sank so low when we parted, that it will never rise again. My soul, penetrated by illimitable affection, feels as if it had entered the dark shades of futurity, and there beheld implacable Death parting us forever.' We knew that it was vain to reason with such excited feeling, but trusted that time and good news would instil brighter hopes. As soon as could be expected, we received a letter from George, saying that he never was in better health, that his business could be despatched expeditiously, and that he should soon be with us again. Over the fate of his unfortunate brother there still hung the same uncertainty; for the man whom he felt anxious to have seen had broken jail and escaped, previous to his arrival in Quebec. We were all delighted at the prospect of Doctor Hazlitt's quick return, and I and the children busily engaged ourselves in planning demonstrations and devices of welcome; but the forced voice and wintry smile of Mary, for she endeavored to take an interest in all our little plans, told plainly that she had not conquered her former presentiment of evil.

The time that we had so joyfully anticipated came, passed, but brought no tidings of the friend, father, husband. The inclement winter of the north set in, but there was a vacant place at the fire-side, an absence of that joy-giving presence that had shed sunlight over all. We could not, we would not despair; but with low faint words quivering on white lips, whispered to each other of hopes which fear belied. We passed that long winter on the rack of suspense; and though patient and uncomplaining as an angel, the life was daily going out of poor Mary. To all our attempts at solace she would but reply, 'He has died, for he comes not—he comes not!' We wrote repeatedly to our friends in Quebec; but all the information that we could gain from them was, that they had seen him leave that city in a birch canoe, with two *habitans* as oarsmen, who on their return averred that he had paid and discharged them at Montreal, as they wished to return to their families. The mail was then in the winter slowly dragged overland by dogs harnessed to a wooden sledge; and consequently many long weeks had to elapse before we could receive answers to our letters. We ascertained that he had been seen some days' journey above Montreal, alone in his canoe; and that shortly after, an early winter, accompanied by a violent snow-storm, had set in with unusual severity. We tried to make each other believe it possible that he might have been detained in some out-of-the-way place, from which he could not stir, nor get word until the weather moderated. But this delusive hope grew out of our very fears, for we all felt convinced that George would have overcome every obstacle, save sickness or death, for the pleasure of being with his beloved family. It almost broke my

heart to see such a fair scene of happiness vanishing from the earth; for being an orphan, all my natural affections from boyhood had twined in relationship with this delightful family. The early spring saw us bend, mourners, over the lifeless corpse of her who had so long reigned in our hearts, and the cold dark grave forever hid from our eyes the sweetest, best, and most endearing of women. As soon as it was possible I searched diligently every hamlet, and I may say almost every house between York and Quebec; but the fate of our friend was an impenetrable mystery, apparently forever hidden from our knowledge; although afterward, time and God's will most unexpectedly disclosed all its horrors.

Many years afterward, Chief Justice Hazlitt, on his way to Montreal, at a late hour of the evening, stopped at the little town of Three Rivers. He had just made himself comfortable in mine host's best room, and was sitting in dressing-gown and slippers, enjoying the warmth of a bright fire, which after a cold day's ride in a drizzling north-easter, seemed a perfect luxury to his chilled frame. Beside the Judge stood an antique-looking little candle-stand, covered with a fringed napkin. On it was a bottle; not one of those tall, slim, stiff, constrained, stingy, fraudulent-looking bottles, that promise more than they yield, but a fat, jolly, comfortable, conscientious bottle of good old port; if we might judge by the specimen which gleamed up so brightly from the filled wine-glass that stood most lovingly by its side. The walls of the small room were nicely white-washed; the unpainted pine doors, window-cases, and floor were of the most scrupulous cleanliness, and almost polished with reiterated scrubblings. A few bright-colored engravings looked down with a borrowed cheerfulness on the warm, tidy, well-lighted little apartment. The light green blinds hung square and neat before the windows. Each end of the mantel-piece was graced by unusual and extraordinary ornaments for that part of the country; in the shape of two tall real silver candle-sticks, that came from France with the grand-mother of the good hostess, and which were considered as the grandest exhibition of wealth that had ever been seen entire in those parts: in each burnt a wax candle, in honor of the illustrious guest. Exactly in the middle of the mantel-piece stood a very small old-fashioned clock, in a dark wooden case, with a round, curious-looking face, about the size of an old-fashioned watch. It looked, between its two firm companions, very much like a carefully-kept, well-to-do, round-headed, high-shouldered old bachelor between two prudish old maids. The hickory fire crackled and blazed, and so cheered and illuminated the little box of a room, that the Chief Justice, (who had just taken up his glass of port, and was holding it between his eye and the candle, and concluding that if not a ruby of the first water it certainly was of the very first wine,) was all at once struck with the air of cheerful cleanliness that gave such a comfortable appearance to the small apartment. The little old clock even seemed to tick — and surely it was the first time such a tick was ever heard in a tavern — 'You're welcome! you're welcome!'

Sipping his wine, he began to philosophize; and was mentally repeating, 'Man wants but little here below,' when his mind suddenly reverted to the loss of that dear friend who had been his heart's brother. 'What a moral lesson George could have read me from this nook of a place!' thought he; when a knock at the door interrupted his reverie. 'Come in!' said His Honor. The door opened, and in walked a little, vivacious, kind-looking old gentleman, who apologized, with all the grace and urbanity of the French, for intruding on the privacy of a tired traveller. He said that he relied on the goodness of the gentleman whom he addressed for his excuse.

'No excuse, my dear Sir, is necessary,' replied the Judge; 'have the goodness to take a chair, for I assure you that I am indebted to any cause that sends me agreeable society.'

'Monsieur is too kind,' answered the old gentleman, with a courteous inclination of the head; 'and perhaps could little imagine the pleasure that he would confer on one long debarred from social intercourse with men of intelligence and education.'

'I have often,' said His Honor, 'admired the heroism, for we cannot call it any thing less, of gentlemen of your profession; who, with manners and talents that would grace a court, and insure success in any secular pursuit, are content to pass their lives in some unheard-of place, and consider it their most glorious privilege simply to do good. I presume that I am addressing Monsieur le Cure.'

'Monsieur does me too much honor to suppose me worthy of the holy office,' replied the old gentleman, with a reverential aspect; 'but I beg pardon for not introducing myself. I am but the doctor of the little village; and my errand was to beg that Monsieur would have the goodness to see a patient of mine; a poor miserable wretch that I fear (here a slight shudder crept over the old gentleman, and his voice sank into a lower key,) has some inexpiable sin on his conscience. He declares that he cannot die until he sees some one worthy of trust from the upper province; and though held by the grasp of death, at the mention of your name he started up with the strength of a well person; and then sank back, every fibre quivering like an aspen. 'I cannot, I cannot!' muttered he; 'it is too dreadful to meet him face to face.'

'Do you know the man? or can you guess at the crime he has committed?' inquired the Chief Justice.

'I know neither, Monsieur,' said the doctor; 'and yet I may say that I know both; that is, that I have not been assured of either by positive words or facts; but that from observation, and from the comparing of stray remarks and incidents, I feel in my own mind as confident as if possessed of the most direct testimony.'

'That is,' replied the Judge, 'you have mental evidence sufficient for yourself, but none that you would consider as proof to another.'

'Monsieur is exactly right,' said the doctor.'

'I should like to see this man,' remarked the Judge. 'Would it be possible to-night?'

'I am sorry that Monsieur cannot, but it would be impossible; for I found it necessary to give the poor unfortunate as strong an opiate as his feeble state would allow of. If I mistake not, his mind will be calmer in the morning, although his sufferings in this world will probably terminate with to-morrow. May God have mercy on his soul!'

'Then I will postpone my journey until after I have seen this man in the morning; a few hours' hard riding will make up for the lost time.'

'I thank you much for the kind interest you have shown,' said the good doctor, rising; 'and will no longer trespass on your attention; but shall consider it as a privilege to wait on your Honor in the morning, and conduct you to my wretched patient, whom I will prepare for the interview.'

'Good night, Monsieur — good night!' said the Judge, shaking him warmly by the hand; 'I assure you it has given me great pleasure to meet with a man so good and so compassionate as yourself.'

'Doctor Gauvain came in the morning, according to appointment, to convey the Judge to his patient. Half an hour's walk brought them to a rough-looking cottage, built with large pebbles of different sizes. It was a wretched-looking hovel, and bore the appearance of peculiar destitution. The door and window frames were partly awry, from the decayed state of the wood. The window, from which nearly every pane of glass had been broken, was mended with paper, which had become partially loosened, and hung in torn strips. The patch which surrounded this forlorn dwelling had been planted with corn the previous summer, and the ragged old stalks were yet standing on the hills of naked washed earth. The Virginia-fence was in some parts thrown down; and indeed in some places had been entirely taken away. By the side of the hut were some decayed boards, which marked the site of a draw-well; by which the long well-pole had fallen, and also three small rusty iron hoops, inside of which lay a remnant of old staves. On entering, the walls of the hovel presented the same ragged, piebald appearance as the outside. There was no furniture save two or three broken chairs; an old bedstead with tolerably good bedding, which the benevolence of the good doctor had supplied. How poverty-stricken must be the poor creature that could choose this wretched abode!' said the Judge; 'but I forgot poverty has no choice.' The quick ear of the sick man however caught the sound of the words; for as they came forward, he said, in a hoarse sepulchral voice, 'Happy must be that man, who can think poverty an evil!'

There was something in the voice, changed as it was by the near approach of death, that brought so forcibly and instantaneously his lost cousin into Judge Hazlitt's mind, that unconsciously he uttered the name of 'George.' 'You may call him,' said the sick man, his whole frame quivering with agony; and turning full on him his burning eyes, lighted with the wild intense glare of horror. 'But for me he might have come. I murdered him!'

'You did not, you *could* not!' said the Judge, piteously; 'he never harmed mortal man.'

'I know it,' said the man; 'and though I hated all else, I would have thrown myself — oh! cheerfully! — between him and the dagger's point. But curse me! curse me! — it would be a relief to hear man's curses! You know not the worst; he was my brother — my kind, good brother!'

When he heard this declaration, Judge Hazlitt felt like one awaking from a horrible dream. 'The poor creature raves!' said he, turning to the doctor. 'The person of whom he speaks never *had* a brother!'

'Would to God, it had been so!' said the other; 'and I should never have been an outcast, with a brother's blood on my soul, crying to heaven for vengeance! Give me some brandy!' he added, to the old woman in attendance, 'that I may have strength to say all I wish.'

He spoke in a clearer tone; informed Judge Hazlitt of his near relationship to his beloved cousin; and added many corroborating circumstances, which convinced him of the entire truth of the statement. He then spoke of his neglected youth: left alone, without one friendly admonition, to the strong impulses of his nature; surrounded by companions hardened in wickedness; a good feeling scarcely ever appealed to, while the bad ones were continually provoked. 'I know,' said he, 'there were what were called good people and bad; and I even thought that I was among the good; because I was profusely generous to those I liked, stood on flash honor with my friends, and would take sides, at the risk of life and limb, with them against their enemies. From a boy all the officers, (and they were my world,) used to praise me as 'a real good fellow;' and many wished, in my presence, that they had just such a son. He then passed to his quarrel, his consequent punishment, and murder of the young officer; and declared that until the deeper crime of taking his brother's life stirred up an avenging conscience that he had always looked on this deed as one of cool retributive justice. 'But that awakened conscience proclaimed loudly to me man's responsibility, and also convinced me of the existence of a principle capable of resisting temptation. It seemed as if remorse and suffering had bestowed on me a new sense, that comprehended the whole tenor of my life; that made me understand the awful guilt of the past, and loathe myself as a demon. In the agony of my anguish I would subject my flesh to torments, and the pain seemed ecstasy!'

He spoke of his interview with George; of his brother's kindness, and of the ineffaceable impression that it had made on his feelings. 'In proportion,' said he, 'as it gratified me to hate all others, so my wild nature gushed out in love to him, without measure and without stint. Debased as I was, he called me friend and brother. Yes, the good man spoke to me as if I were not all vicious; as if there were still a bond of common nature between us. He even

thought me capable of forming good resolutions; and oh! how miserably I have fulfilled his generous hopes!

Overcome by weakness and emotion, he fell back. 'I have more to say, but I fear my strength,' gasped the poor creature.

'Rest for a few minutes,' said the judge, compassionately; 'great has been your guilt, fearful your suffering; but the mercy of God is infinite. Hope!'

'Say not that word *hope*!' exclaimed the forlorn wretch; it is like a glimpse of heaven to the damned; and the damp and pallor of death settled on his distorted countenance as he spoke.

The doctor gave him more stimulants, and told him to be, if possible, calm, that he might have strength to say what he wished.

'God grant it! God grant it!' said he, imploringly.

After some minutes he was able to proceed with his sad narration. He was several times forced to stop, from sheer exhaustion, and dwelt on many circumstances which I shall pass over, or scarcely mention; but the substance of what he told the judge was, that being reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, he had, in the summer of 1810, joined partnership with a Dutchman and a Scotchman, for the propose of cutting timber and constructing a raft, which they proposed to float down the river, and sell at the best market they could find. They built a log hut on one of the Thousand Islands, which they jointly inhabited; and on the lower side of the island commenced building the raft. It was nearly completed, when one afternoon he took the skiff and went some miles up the river for the purpose of fishing, as he had often done before. Depending entirely for their fresh provisions on what they either shot or trapped, the other two usually sent him on that errand, as he always brought home plenty of game, and they were poor sportsmen, unskilled in either gunning or fishing. Having caught what fish they required, he took his gun and went on shore in search of game. This delayed him so long, that he did not return until the evening. On nearing the island, the Scotchman was waiting for him on the shore. He told him that during his absence a traveller had arrived in a canoe, and had requested shelter for the night; that they had given him leave to spread his mattress, and that he was then asleep in the cabin. This information scarcely elicited a reply, for at the time we are speaking of, public accommodations were scarcely known, and a traveller thought himself happy to get under any shelter when the night set in; as often, for nights together, in traversing the St. Lawrence, they were obliged to make a fire on the shore, spread a mattress on the ground, drag the canoe from the water, and turn it bottom upwards over the mattress, under this they crept for a night's lodging; and gentlemen of the first rank, unless provided with tents, were reduced to this mode of bivouac in ascending or descending the St. Lawrence. 'It is probable,' replied Pierre, for that was the name he had assumed to his companions, 'that if a traveller, he may not have fared very sumptuously to day, and might like to make up for a good supper of fish and birds.' 'Hush!' said the other; 'we have other work on hand

than supper to-night. The man has money—gold, I tell you; and why should we starve while others revel? Hans and I have planned it, and I'll tell you all about it—for we know each other. What's the use of dodging behind a stump, when the deer is in the meadow?

He went on to say that they were certain there was money, from the weight of the portmanteau, and from the sound that it gave out when he let it fall; that the gentleman in making his bed, had placed this portmanteau under his mattress to raise the head, in place of a pillow. But during the time he was broiling a piece of dried venison on the coals, with his back to the bed, Hans rolled up a pair of old boots in a blanket, and substituted this for the portmanteau, which he adroitly conveyed from the house to another part of the island, where he was expecting me. Hans proposed to rifle the portmanteau, fill it with the same weight, give it exactly the same appearance as at present, and if possible convey it without suspicion into the same place that he had taken it from. They unbuckled the straps, wrenched off the lock, and took out the money; then refilled and rebuckled the portmanteau, so that from its outward appearance no one could have suspected its change of contents, and they had good hopes that the deception would pass in the morning without detection, as a square piece of leather, buckled down by two straps, covered the broken lock. They then buried the stolen money. By this time a soft rain set in, and the three returned to the cabin.

They always drank freely at night, and usually staid up late, playing at cards and dominos. This night, however, they abstained from cards, as they wished the traveller to sleep, but indulged in their usual potations of whiskey. Drunk, and half-crazed, Hans proposed to exchange the portmanteau. On his attempt to do so, he stirred the traveller, who awoke, and endeavored to defend his property. In this effort he overturned the staggering Hans; when the other two, heated with whiskey, and maddened by the fall of their companion, picked up billets of wood from the hearth, and hit the traveller over the head and shoulders with such force that they fractured his skull, and he almost instantly fell, a dead man. So intoxicated were the three wretches, that they were not fully aware of the impious murder they had committed. On coming to their senses in the morning, they were horror-struck at the sight of the murdered man, whose gaping wounds and mutilated form bore horrible testimony to their demoniac frenzy of the night before.

But we could not attempt to depict the frantic agony of Pierre when he discovered in the murdered man that brother to whom he felt such ardent gratitude! He tried to believe it was some other, who resembled him. But this wish was quickly succeeded by a too horrible certainty, for numerous letters in the coat pocket, addressed to Doctor Hazlitt, incontrovertibly proved the fact that he so much wished to disbelieve. The passionate nature of the criminal, stung by remorse, resembled the wildest insanity. He would instantly have taken his own life, if his companions had not resolutely over-

powered and bound him. The men anxiously consulted together as to the best means of disposing of the body and concealing their crime. They laid the corpse on the mattress, and carried it to that part of the island the most remote from passing boats. Here they laid down their burden; then brought the canoe that had belonged to the murdered man, and laid it over the body, and on this placed the portmanteau, and every scrap of clothing they could find; over all they piled a large quantity of brushwood and small timber. Three several times they endeavored to set fire to the brush; but probably owing to the wood being wet from the rain, or the unsteady manner in which the frightened men applied the fire, each time they failed in their efforts; and conscience-stricken, they recognized in this failure the expressed wrath of an angry God, and proposed to leave the island instantly. They went quickly to the cabin, hastily collected the few remnants of personal property that belonged to them, consisting chiefly of clothing and provisions, and hurried on board their boat; rowing down the river, as the current aided their endeavor to put distance between them and the accursed spot, where they left, exactly in the manner stated above, the unfinished raft, the buried money, and unburied corpse. The next day the Scotchman, who had learned the trade of a carpenter, said that he had a cousin in that business at the Three Rivers, and thought they had better make for that place, as he might help them to get employment for the winter. Soon after their arrival at this place, the winter set in with a most rigid severity, and it was impossible to ascertain if any rumor of the murder had got abroad in the Upper Province. But the day was not far distant when the two men were to be summoned into the presence of that omniscient Judge, before whom no secret is hid.

They had not been many months at the Three Rivers, when the Scotchman fell from the roof of a house that he was shingling, and broke his neck. The Dutchman, in his endeavor to break in an unmanageable horse, was thrown violently from his back, with the reins entangled around his wrist, by which the furious animal dragged him a long distance; and when the poor mangled object was rescued, he was one battered mass of bleeding flesh; and though life was not extinct, he was unable to utter a word. 'For the curse of God was on us!' said Pierre; 'and I—I was accursed with life!'

WE will draw a veil over the horrible termination of the life of this unfortunate man. To the last moment he refused consolation of friend or clergy; and we can only pray with the good doctor, 'May the Lord have mercy on his soul!' Judge Hazlitt was upon government business that it would have been treason to delay. But every moment was one of feverish impatience until he reached the island; where all things, with the exception of the changes that time had wrought, remained precisely as the man had stated. There stood the pile of wood, under it was the canoe, and beneath it lay the mouldering remains of the once happy father and kind husband.

Judge Hazlitt was a man of strong nerve and resolute will; one who through life had endeavored to suppress the appearance of emotion. But he could not repress the tears that ran down his cheeks as he looked on that loved form, sacrificed in its prime, and thought how it had once stood before him, instinct with joy and nobleness. 'Ah! well,' said he, 'might the unhappy man who did this ruthless deed, say, 'Cursed was the hour of my birth!''

The remains of Dr. Hazlitt were carried to York, now Toronto, and laid by the side of his beloved wife. And the money, the immediate cause of all the guilt and misery, was found buried in the situation designated, the interest of which is dedicated to works of charity; for the children declared that they never could spend for their gratification that which caused the death of both father and mother.

THE SUN-FLLOWER TO THE SUN.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

I.

HYMETTUS' bees are out on filmy wing,
Dim Phosphor slowly fades adown the west,
And earth awakes. Shine on me, O my king!
For I with dew am laden and opprest.

II.

The night winds smote me rudely in their play,
And coldly Dian shed on me her light;
And stealthily she glided on her way
To where Endymion slept on Latmian height.

III.

Long through the misty clouds of morning gray,
We've looked to hail thy rising from yon sea;
Sad Asphodel, that droops to meet thy ray,
And Juno's roses, pale for love of thee.

IV.

And I thy worshipper, thy poor Parsee,
Turn ever toward the reddening gate of morn;
For, Oh! my spirit wearies, waiting thee,
Where low I bend beneath the dew of morn.

V.

But, lo! thou lift'st thy shield o'er yonder tide!
The gray clouds flee before the conquering Sun;
Thou like a monarch up the heavens dost ride,
And, joy! thou beam'st on me, Celestial One!

I N D I A N L A K E .

BY CALER LYON, ESQ., OF LYONSDALE, NEW-YORK.

BANDS of silver now are zoneing thy blue wavelets from the shore,
Winds have ceased their angry moaning — with the day-light they were o'er;
Silent are thy waters resting 'neath the moonbeams cold and clear,
Snow the hemlock trees are cresting; 'neath them stands the fallow deer.

By the fir-trees thickly growing, near a ridge of drifted snow,
Is the beaver's dam, where flowing waters whisper as they go;
Dreary winter now is spreading o'er the forest radiance bright,
And on hill and lake is shedding its rare carnival of light.

Stars are gentlest vigils keeping, looking mildly in the deep,
Moles are o'er the light snow creeping — ravens in the pine-trees sleep;
In his den the bear is waiting a release from winter's chain,
'Mid the waves the otter mating, longs for lily flowers again.

Moose neath giant trees are making for themselves a winter park,
And the crash of saplings breaking ceases as the foxes bark;
On a knoll are ash-trees growing; by them sports a timid hare;
Beyond the inlet's quiet flowing, starving owls are watching there!

O'er the lake a dismal yelling echos from a distant glen;
'T is the wolf, his hunger telling — prowling forth from hidden fen;
Now the frozen boughs are stirring, as with bounds he dashes by,
And the partridge scared, is whirring, with dark form against the sky.

Softly o'er the snow-crust stealing, glides the fox of silver gray;
To the martens' burrow wheeling, quick he rushes on his prey;
Roused, the osprey now is screaming, perched upon a withered bough,
And the eagle, waked from dreaming, o'er the woods is sailing now.

Hark! a horrid howl is thrilling from the mountain o'er the wave;
E'en the blood of beasts are chilling; 't was a cry the panthers gave!
To the lake a stag is rushing, goaded by their iron claws —
Through the windfall he is brushing, followed by their open jaws.

For the wave he 's wildly leaping, with his antlers high in air,
Nostrils wide distended, keeping sinews plied in stern despair;
Joy! the ice beneath is breaking! breasts he now the crystal wave,
Fierce the look his foes are taking! — deep the cry of rage they gave!

Thus the passions oft are striving in the forests of the soul;
Envy, Hate and Vice are driving Virtue from her destined goal;
Still the Lake of Conscience beaming, Truth's resource is set apart,
O'er it pure Religion streaming, the bright moonlight of the heart.

THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.

NUMBER FOUR.

I HAVE been revolving some thoughts in my mind to-night upon CONTENT; and upon that text, if I could have my will, and be dictator, every pulpit in the country should be eloquent for the next six months, instead of resounding with dry abstractions, or puzzling plain people with knotty points of divinity. We are radically a discontented people, loth to enjoy the present, in our yearnings after something better, which we hope and struggle, toil and contend for, in the future. No one is satisfied with his present condition. One is toiling for wealth, another wasting his life in the chase for office. This man wants fame, and that fashion. Many are merely a better sort of locomotives, living to-day here and to-morrow there, without any thing worthy, as to the spiritual part, of the name of home. Our restless, discontented, fretful and impatient natures tend to develope the resources and increase the greatness of the country, but largely debar ourselves of comfort and enjoyment. Neither young nor old are content. Scheming and speculation expand almost into mania, ruin private fortunes, or render those who really secure wealth, incapable of a true enjoyment of it. Lust for honor and emolument make multitudes unfit for laborious and pains-taking occupations, turn honest mechanics into drunken partisans, and breed up a race of young men, half pettifogger, half gentlemen of leisure, who infest the land like the frogs of Egypt, gulling the people and gaping for office; but who would, if Heaven had made them contented with their original lot, have lived honestly, and conferred some benefit on the world, fitly provided with some humble but respectable avocation. The good as well as the bad are discontented. None are content to remain as they are. Every one is striving to thrust his head higher and higher above the elements that surround him. And the natural result is to corrupt even the good; to foster selfishness, and give birth to the most odious feelings and passions. Where all are incessantly striving to climb upward, some must fall, nay many, and on those that fall the crowd tramples. Those below will strive to pull down those above, and if one misses his foothold no one helps him to regain it. It soon becomes a general habit to rejoice at the misfortunes of our fellows; to trumpet to the world their faults; to magnify their follies; to give easy ear to accusations against them, and be glad when some slanderous tale goes abroad to blast their reputation and ruin their fortunes and murder their families; or, perhaps we originate, or at least aid to spread abroad the lie that slayeth wife and children, but gives us room to step up another round. Nay, it is not long, under the influence of this intense selfishness, until we feel an irresistible emotion of gladness, when a rival dies, and is removed out of our path. We follow him to the grave with

dry eyes, and see his little ones weep, without a single thrill of pain. Such feelings make men murderers.

How many, many a man has had bitter cause to regret, within the last ten years, to weep and mourn with bitter and unavailing anguish, that, when he was happy and comfortable in his quiet humble home, when no officer of the law ever approached his door, when his wife and children wanted neither for food nor clothing, and his house was filled with the light and sunshine of domestic peace, he did not remain content with his lot! The broken merchant, the ruined speculator, the bankrupt politician, the briefless, starving lawyer, the clerks in great cities, out of employment, may in almost every case trace all their misfortunes to the spirit of discontent. How many young men, every year leaving employments in village or country, which yielded them an honorable and comfortable support, plunge into our great cities, those huge charnel-houses, fondly hoping for high salaries and constant employment! And how many of the number, finding every occupation already over-crowded, sink gradually lower and lower, and wear away their hopeless lives in base and detestable employments!

And above all, what supreme folly and infatuation, nay almost crime, is it, for one who has a wife and children dependent upon him, living perhaps in some small and retired village, where every one knows and every one respects him, earning by honest work enough to maintain his family and rear his little ones in comfort, and supply all their moderate wants, to tear himself up by the roots from the soil in which he flourishes so well, and upon a mere notion that his talents as a lawyer or capacity as a man of business will infallibly give him employment, wealth, fame in some great city, to emigrate thither, perhaps leaving behind him the graves of some who have been born to him, and made his old home dear to him because they have died in it; carrying with him his wife and children to partake of his new fortunes; and so he plunges into the vortex. A thousand men, his rivals in pursuit of the same object, jostle him at every turn. He finds that the talents and capacity which were valuable and noteworthy in the village, are unnoticed, unknown or disregarded in the city. His little means, saved from his former earnings, gradually disappear; although, to make them hold out as long as possible, his wife has stinted herself in her comforts, denied herself her ordinary innocent enjoyments, and foregone the pleasure of seeing her children adorned, as of old, with a few harmless luxuries of dress, which once ministered to her delight and pride, inasmuch as their sweet forms and faces, with those little adornments, seemed more beautiful. One trinket after another goes; one comfort after another is self-denied; and even the step of gaunt Hunger is heard approaching; his heavy hand soon knocks harshly at their door. Alas! how much misery and crime have been thus created — how many buds thus been crushed, that would in the old soil have bloomed into beautiful flowers!

How many lawyers, enticed to cities by the flatteries of their friends, and the still more cogent whisperings of their vanity; enti-

tled many of them, if talent and learning would alone command success, to expect it as their due; lead miserable and disreputable lives! East, west, north and south it is the same. Hundreds swarm in every city. Out of the number, how large, how very large a proportion do not earn wherewithal to buy their bread! Twenty fail where one succeeds. And if these young men had been content, if their parents had been content, if they had been bred farmers, engineers, mechanics, how much nobler specimens of manhood, how much happier human creatures, would they have been! An end must come to this some day; for ere long it will be, if it is not now the case, that he who destines his son to a profession, will almost certainly destine him to poverty and ruin.

For me, thank God! I am content. So long as I can keep my humble home, and a fire in my grate in winter; so long as my wife is not compelled to deny herself such comforts as a moderate heart desires; nay, so long as my children do not come round me when I am weary and sad, with their little, thin, pale faces, begging pitifully for bread, which I am not able to furnish them, I am content. What though I often tire with long labor? Those that I love are warmly clad, and plentifully fed; and while this great wild earth is so filled and sweltering with misery and hunger, so that not one in twenty of its whole vast population has from day to day enough to eat; while men and women in great cities freeze with cold, while they die of starvation; while wo-worn women, with children in their arms sit on the stone steps of the Astor-House, and beg for coppers wherewith to buy dry bread; while girls are driven by hunger to prostitution and boys to theft; let those in our Great West, who know not what cold or hunger means; who can feed and clothe those who depend upon them, and rear them up to become honest men and virtuous women; let them I say, in God's name, be content. He must be poor indeed, who finding constant work to do, and having hands to do it with, cannot perfectly content himself with the reflection that there are countless multitudes as deserving as he, with the same right to be happy as he has, to whom his lot would be a paradise.

I think with old Thomas Fuller, who says: 'A man ought to be like unto a cunning actor, who, if he be enjoined to represent the person of some prince or nobleman, does it with a grace and comeliness; if by and by he be commanded to lay that aside and play the beggar, he does that as willingly and as well. But as it happened in a tragedy (to spare naming the person and place) that one being to act Theseus, in Hercules Furens, coming out of hell, could not for a long time be persuaded to wear old sooty clothes proper to his part, but would needs come out of hell in a white satin doublet; so we are generally loth, and it goes against flesh and blood, to live in a poor and low estate, but would fain act in richer and handsomer clothes, till grace, with much ado, subdues our rebellious stomachs to God's will.'

I WILL not so unceremoniously take my leave of Fuller. Lamb's

extracts from his works, though only single bricks taken at random, first made me curious to know him more intimately, and he soon became one of my chief favorites. I do not know in the language a more perfect composition than the Life of Andronicus, in his Holy and Profane State. The eulogy upon Theodorus the Patriarch is but a fair example of the whole. It is infinitely beautiful: 'Soon after his retiring, he ended his life; we need not inquire into his disease, if we consider his age, accounting near fourscore and four winters: and well might his years be reckoned by winters, as wanting both springs and summers of prosperity, living in constant affliction; and yet the last four years made more wounds in his heart than all the former ploughed wrinkles in his face. He died, not guilty of any wealth, who long before had made the poor his heirs, and his own hands his executors. After hearty prayers that religion might shine when he was set, falling into a pious meditation, he went out as a lamp for lack of oil; no warning groan was sighed forth to take his last farewell, but even he smiled himself into a corpse; enough to confute those that they belie Death who call her *grim* and *grisly*, which in him seemed lovely and of a good complexion. The few servants he left proportioned the funeral rather to their master's estate than deserts, supplying in their sorrow the want of spices and balm, which surely must be so much the more precious, as the tears of men are to be preferred before gums, which are but the weeping of trees.'

Poverty of ideas often, like a shallow purse, hides itself in brave and gaudy dress, got on credit. The race of orators at the present day, as well as that of writers, generally in this respect is under vast obligation to the tailor. How little of this is there in the older writers! Their thoughts often seem to have taken little care in what garb they should be dressed; and yet, in all the real and intrinsic excellencies of style, how far are they our superiors! Let one, for instance, sit down to the first two cantos of Childe Harold, with the purpose of noting how many tame and weak lines of mere surplusage are introduced in order to make out the rhymes; and let him then read the same number of stanzas in the Faëry Queen. He will speedily arrive at an appreciation of the difference. And yet Byron *was* a great poet. But our speakers, and especially those who address the ears of Buncombe on the floor of Congress, totally debauch and corrupt the public taste. Demosthenes, speaking for the crown, would have had time to spare under the half-hour rule. Tompkins, speaking for 'grandeur,' needs a day, or grumbles that the right of speech is invaded. The nervous classicism of Webster, his genuine, plain, unfurbelowed English, reminds us of the great masters of the art; but the stump-haranguers of the House seem to have studied in the school of Curran; and totally forgetting that his ideas, like Burke's, were only dressed in, and not overloaded or oppressed by, the drapery of imagination, to have arrived only at high-sounding periods and mouthing declamation. I commend to them the advice of Fuller: '*To clothe low-creeping matter with high-flown language, is not fine fancy, but flat foolery.*' It rather

loads than raises a wren to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings. Some men's speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland, having a dirty bog on the top of them : the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of truth, but what rather stalls than delights the auditor.

The greatest excellence of style is simplicity. Its grandeur, like that of a Greek statue, should arise from the soul which the art of the sculptor causes to breathe in every lineament and muscle. In this respect some passages of Webster's have not been approached in modern days. There is a stern, cold, haughty spirit breathing through them that makes them models. He has never been more unsuccessful than when he has momentarily been seduced into unconscious imitation of Burke. Chatham is said to have had half of Barrow by heart, and to have formed his style upon that of the great divine. For a young speaker, Curran and Phillips are the worst possible models. The former is unapproachable ; it is almost impossible to imitate—it is easy to caricature him. The latter was himself almost a caricature. Grattan may be studied with much more profit ; and with a proper care against their Latinisms, Bacon and Milton are the most profitable studies, even upon the score of style. Now and then there is a wonderful passage in Browne, where magnificence of language is merely the graceful mail that covers the glorious thought and idea. I remember one which I am sure has caused me more thought, and given me, in the humility of my condition, more consolation, than any passage I ever read, although my vanity is not so inordinate as to apply all his expressions to myself. He says : 'T is, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind to be destitute of those of fortune ; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments, who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding ; and, being enriched with higher donations, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. *It is a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, not to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune ;* and it is an error worse than heresy to adore these complimentary and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness *wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favors of fortune.* Let Providence provide for fools ; 't is not partiality but equity in God, who deals with us but as our natural parents. Those that are able of body and mind he leaves to their deserts ; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion ; and pieces out the defect of one by the excess of the other.'

How complete an answer to those who, looking, as he says, 'asquint on the face of Truth,' impugn the justice of Providence and cavil at the order of things, because the knavish, the corrupt and the unprincipled are prosperous and rich and honored, while the honest and upright are oppressed with poverty and environed by toil and care ; each during their whole journey through the world. Is it not enough that a man shall enjoy the unspeakable

happiness of being honest, just, true and virtuous?—and must he also greedily covet more than his share, by asking wealth and honor beside? Is it not good to be honest? Is it not prosperous to be virtuous?—or is there no good and no prosperity except money, and rank and comfort? The greatest wealth, the greatest honor, the greatest comfort, is to be possessed of a conscience that never utters a reproach. He who falls from this condition into knavery and guilt, knows how rich beyond all count he was before; how poor below all imagining he is now.

How often too the cause of Truth suffers from her advocates! upon this subject, how more often than on any other! They have often, in striving to impose their belief on others, ended with the total loss of their own. The champions of religion peculiarly need to remember our author's sharp rebuke: 'Every man is not a proper champion for Truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of Verity: many, from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto Truth, have too rashly charged the troops of Error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of Truth. *A man may be in as just possession of Truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender: 't is therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to hazard her on a battle.*'

But I have wandered from my subject; of my liability whereto I notified the reader at the commencement. I was discoursing disjointedly of style, and I return to it again to say a word or two more on simplicity. By that word I do not mean that the writer should not have recourse to all the powers as well as the graces of our language. The stuff should be of the richest and finest material, but the *garmenting* made thereof for the thoughts should be chaste and severe. One can better understand than explain the difference. We can all appreciate the magnificence and grandeur of that King of Thought and Language, the immortal SHAKESPEARE: we see in his works an unlimited command over the language; the richest imagery, the greatest brilliancy of coloring. But when we analyze a passage, we find not a word too many, nor one that could without injury be exchanged for another. Every word is necessary to the full muscular development of the thought. His words are the colors of the painting; they are exquisite in their adaptation, and the manner in which they harmonize and soften one into the other; but yet, in looking at the painting, we hardly think of the tints and coloring. It is the great idea embodied in them, and speaking through them, that, as in one of Titian's master-pieces, enchains and intrals the soul at once. In Shakspeare there are few common-places. Thus it is that the great artist is superior to the dauber, and thus it is that the great painter or sculptor is the truest of poets. Unquestionably even in the music of words there is great merit; but ornament, even in music, is, however well executed, worthy of but small praise, unless it is calculated to add power or beauty to the idea pervading the whole.

We are too fond of the meretricious. Fine words take our fancy captive, and the mob elevates every declaimer into an orator; and

thus power of intellect is out-ranked by glibness of tongue and a flourish of fine words; and thus it is that charlatans tread the quarter-deck of the ship of state. Bolingbroke must have been a great orator. I know no writer who in his language was more artistic. I would have him studied, not for his philosophy, but for his style. It is keen and sharp as a Damascus scimeter; there is nothing in it of the strained, unnatural, or grotesque; all of which is as far below true excellence, as the barbaric is below the Grecian taste in architecture. But a truce to criticism: I leave it to those whose proper vocation it is, and crave pardon for shooting over their preserves. I must draw this paper to a close.

M Y ' S P R I N G . '

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

LET poets praise thee, gentle Spring!
I cannot, I must e'en confess;
Nor yet a single offering bring
In honor of thy loveliness;
You think it strange; it is so, surely—
But in the Spring I'm always 'poorly.'

Those heated, bilious airs of thine,
With breath of flowers so fragrant ever,
With horrid cruelty incline
My head to ache, with raging fever;
And then, to crush thy potent spell
I dose myself with calomel!

Then what are all thy flowers to me?
Thy glowing buds, with beauty rife;
Thy marshy breath, that fearfully
Threatens to rob me of my life;
And often, shivering with ague,
I wish the De'il himself would take you!

'T is very hard, when thy bright sun
His glorious morning walk doth take,
The chills all up my back should run
And every bone begin to ache;
While oft, to ease my reeling head,
I am constrained to go to bed.

There 's fever in thy flaming eye,
There 's ague in thy chilling breath;
And though thy streams run pleasantly,
Their murmurs are the voice of death;
And then, thy evening-dews, so damp,
They always give me such a cramp!

Bright flowers thou hast, of every hue,
And all thy hills are clad in green ;
But when I look at them, 't is through
My window-curtains' hateful screen ;
I never hear thy pleasant rills,
But stay at home and—feed on pills

Deceitful Spring ! thy jaundiced airs
Clog up the channels of each vein ;
Thy every form of beauty wears
A fearful and a deadly stain ;
Thy coming puts me on the rack,
With Epsom salts and ipecac !

Avaunt ! companion of all ills !
I here forswear thee, and forever ;
Thou dost engender doctor's bills,
And inflammation in the liver ;
Avaunt ! my yellow carcass spare !
Go, feed thy appetite elsewhere !

ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE-DOODLE.

NUMBER THREE.

STUBBS was born in Coos county, in a village which was placed high up on a cool shelf of the mountain, and overreached the whole country for miles around. The minister's name was Carlien, the justice's, Champ, the blacksmith's, Bimb. The schoolmaster was of no account, by reason of old age and ignorance ; but this much must be said of him, that he would have his scholars stand together in a straight line on the approach of a decent carriage, and do obeisance to the stranger. Twenty little girls, healthily blooming, curtsied with agreeable graces, and as many boys scraped the green grass courteously with their little feet, for the old man was of the 'old school,' of which thousands die annually, but a plentiful crop survives : they are like the veterans of the states, of whom we see it announced every day, 'Another revolutionary soldier gone !' Stubbs' father was a miller, placed in a romantic predicament on the mountain, where he had a wheel going of large circumference. His face was white as a pond-lily, but the vivacity of the Yankee countenance shook off the flour and kept the muscles free. So the ghost of Drikmhul, as we read in Dalkeith, kept revealing that he was no ghost. But the son could hop, skip and jump farther than his immediate progenitors, comparatively quiet men ; for after reposing some generations, Yankee-Doodleism blazed out in him like a scrofulous tumor in the neck. As a young quail uses its wings with the shell yet adhering to them, so he walked right out of his cradle and 'swapped.'

He imposed upon a baby who had the better of him in crawling by three months; at the age of ten he jockeyed a boy in his teens. At the age of fifteen he invented 'an Androscroggin,' so called from the river of that name. Pindarics could not describe his high and wild fancies in the flush of youth. His contrivances were of complex ingenuity. Rabbits were tripped up by the heels in an instant, and hung on saplings no larger than a horse-whip, wagging their short tails in the breeze. Possums were cheated on their own gum-trees, frogs harpooned upon the hop, and foxes robbed of their corn-cobs in mid-stream, while they took that method to get rid of fleas. He shot cats; he gave weasels anodynes, and caught them asleep; he took black-snakes by the tail and snapped their heads off. He broke colts with small trouble; jumped on their bare backs, wound their manes around his arms, and kicked them in the ribs until they were nearly blind. He knocked an old bear's eyes out with his fists, and put the cubs in his pockets. He did not stand on etiquette with wild-cats, and like old Peter Daverill in the wilderness of Zim, as we read in the fairy tale of Pasquerilla, he could equally well have smoothed down a porcupine's back with his hand. He fished for trout, but not with fly; he fished for trout, but not with quill; he fished for trout, but not with angle. Come back to the meadow's edge, pious Walton; O! author of the 'Piscatory Eclogues,' be present; and ye fishermen who were once mending your nets, while I disclose a tale not recorded in Salmonia, and unheard of in the days of Fly-Fishing.

Seeing an old trout in a pool, poising himself with the uncertain balance of the needle when seeking the exacter pole, Thomas Stubbs thrust his arm into the wave softly, until his crooked fingers were brought to bear, with a seductive tickling, under the immediate belly of the fish. Now commenced a work of exquisite intrigue. The time favored. Not a breeze stirred; not a dimple was on the wave; not a swallow dipped his wing; only the blue sky lay in an exact, unbroken image. (This was on Golden River.) See the mysterious fingers vibrate like a shadow. Softly! softly! They are touching — not exactly, but with a magnetic influence. 'Beautiful, Rambler of the stream!' they seem to say, 'are these spots of silver? or is this flashing lustre but a fiction? Permit these fingers to touch that fair bosom; not to lacerate it with the barbed steel, but to polish its most exquisite brightness.' The unworthy flattery is successful. The rosy gills shiver as with delight, and the mouth opens with a kind of laughter. Ha! the spanning hand is now over the back; toys with the graceful fins, and smooths them down by way of pleasantry. The thumb and first finger, as if to take snuff from a golden snuff-box, as they approach the head, are refracted sharply into the very ear of the fish. Be silent, and see a deed of death! — for while suspicion is yet lulled, and not a breath stirring, they dart suddenly downward and are buried knuckle-deep in the bloody gills! How many 'Hip! hip! hurras!' could equal that one? Up comes the flashing arm, and twenty feet in the air, sparkling in the sun with all his dewy brightness, thousand gems,

and refulgent coloring, up flies the trophy, and bounds upon the green sward twenty pounds of the most delicious trout that ever floated in mid-stream!

'Who saw him do it?' quoth some Cock-Robin inquirer. 'Very fortunately I happened to arrive there with a friend just in time to see it done; and *you* will testify to this fact, Professor BENEDICT, of the United States' Navy! With the gun he was an unerring marksman. That beautiful procession of emigrant birds which our dear Homer alludes to so picturesquely, you have no doubt marked it in the third heaven, regularly-irregular, swaying gracefully like a silken thread upon the breeze, in curved lines of beauty such as Hogarth speaks of. How many long necks are stretched forth eagerly! What a clangor of shrill voices heard, even from the distant blue! But mark what a swift missive shall destroy the ringleader's glorious prospect! Up springs the big boy upon the plain. It is but the work of an instant; the levelling of a rusty musket, one eye blotted out, the other contracted into a burning focus; a blast, a report, and a black mass reels headlong to the earth.

At the age of nineteen his genius was fully developed, body and soul. He was long-legged and slab-sided; his arms were suspended from his shoulders to his knees like rags; but to crown all, his head was capital. With such physical abilities, it will be perceived how well he could take care of himself, when set loose like a young rat in the field of the wide world. He could run like an ostrich; stand on his tip-toes to look over the highest garden-wall, or squeeze himself down suddenly, like a collapsed bladder, into dimensions no bigger than a box of Smyrna figs. His mind rambled to catch new ideas, as a cobweb flares about to catch flies, or rather as a dog in the panting summer heats dashes upon them with his great jaws. They come buzzing from the jar of sweetest treacle, while he of Newfoundland sits unconcernedly, his beautiful white feet before him, his eyes half closed, a crystal drop distilling perpetually from the red tip of his tongue. Snap — *snap* — SNAP!

It was a new era in the life of Stubbs when his eyes first opened on the light of a new

Dollar!

It set the whole complicated machinery of his ideas in motion, and produced the same effect on him that it did on Ikkle Ikkles, who held the office of Swijjik in the town of Boff. 'This, this,' he reflected, 'is the true end of man; the secret of all business, the jarring of all mill-machinery; of the sailing of boats in yon river, of the buildings which I have heard tell are builded up in the great city. This gives some hint of what love is. We may be obliged to our mothers for suckling us, but it is nothing like an affection for the dollar.' Nor is this actual truth destitute even of a solemn reason, when we consider the mighty capacities which the dollar gives; what bitterness it lifts up from the generous spirit; what hilarious and rampant courage it confers on the weak; what magic it puts in the power of those who were otherwise not magicians. And then

its element is of intrinsic preciousness ; for, consider it as you will, in a despicable humor, it is, in the last result of the alembic, the tears and sweat of the laborious.

It will be necessary to pass over much of the career of this 'Son of a Genius,' otherwise a work would be accomplished equal to Dr. McHenry's great epic poem about the antediluvian world, the only *terra incognita* of epic poetry which remained untouched, and therefore the Doctor is excused for his great zeal and dreadful detail. But Yankees are not so scarce yet, and many hard subjects remain to be digested. Let me add, that it is not worth while to eke out a book just because every part of it will have such a good moral. So the philosopher of Arden did, poor old Jeremy Vellum, in the last century, who wrote a thesis in twenty-four books, and took it very hard because the people would not read it, as it was written for their good. Far be it from me to hold up shrewdness to be merely laughed at, for want of honesty is truly lamentable ; and however a temporary advantage may accrue from it, meets in the long run with a melancholy discomfiture.

Music touched our Yankee-Doodle to the quick. He loved it passionately, but it made him sick at his stomach. The *Carmine Sacry*, a New-England collection of sacred music, was all of which he had knowledge, until a young gentleman of a musical turn came to Coos, bringing an octave flute with him, which he was wont to carry in his pocket to a place where the hills threw back an uncommonly perfect echo. Stubbs sat on an opposite rock until he became as pale as death, and shuddered like a small chicken under the shadow of a hawk ; when he was forced to make signals to have that sweet music quieted. I have read all the anomalies of medical practice recorded in Kirkstein's singular book, and can find nothing like this, unless it be the case of one Maboe, who lived in the Isle of Dinsdale, and nearly went into fits at the sound of his nephew's French horn. Stubbs knew by the dotting of the score whether he should be much affected, yet sometimes over-estimated his powers, and turned ghastly pale when the execution of the piece had just commenced. This was the case when he heard for the first time a song sung, called 'Some Love to Roam ;' and he declared, in positive terms, that of all the music he ever *did* hear, that 'a leetle went ahead,' and that it was without exception the richest, sweetest and most exquisite composition ever performed on earth. Assuredly, a more hearty compliment could not be given to that great composer, Mr. RUSSELL, than that a pit of the stomach in the Green Mountains of America was so sensibly affected by it that the wine of antimony was but a small circumstance in comparison. Music, however, does affect divers constitutions in unexampled ways, as the Rev. Dr. Jonson's cat has four canary birds in her stomach, and will continue to lie in wait for such music so long as her digestion is capable. One thing more might be mentioned, which gave rise to a cognate behaviour none the less curious ; but that will come in presently, and I am making no progress in the adventures of my Yankee-Doodle.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE old school-master died. All the letters in the alphabet lamented him. Syntax and prosody shed tears, although he was not particularly acquainted with them. He ended life as he began, and died murmuring A, B, C. As many successors came in a short space as emperors in the worst times of Rome, and jackets were dusted in a variety of styles. Some employed the flat Gunter's rule; others tested the stinging peculiarity of the rattan; others gave the stubborn a taste of the time-honored birch. Pedagogues came and went without much ceremonial, except it were the scrutiny of the school-committee. 'What 's a verb?' 'Come, come, none of that! give him a sum in a'rithmetic.' 'He 's done it right! Now for geography: which way is Valparaiso from Jonquil?' 'I 've got it in my head, but can 't express it.' 'Well, well! When did Napoleon Bonaparte, the celebrated French General, flourish?' Down drops the head of the candidate upon his breast, in profound thought. 'Ah!' quoth he, with a grin of ineffable ease, and a bounding pellet of spittle upon the stove, 'I guess you 've got me *there*!' There was no use of being alarmed at such an ordeal on the part of Stubbs, for to read and write came by nature. He was active as the St. Vitus' dance, yet he would 'teach school' for a season. Most New-Englanders of respectability at some day aspire to this. Just as sure as the Adones make their children professors of music, do those bring up their boys to be school-masters. And for the girls, they say to them that there is no use of their doing any thing, but if they 'choose to teach,' they will not lay any bar in their way. Therefore, when a young woman is at the very acme of her blushing charms, and it might be expected that she would be brought out, and admired by many, you hear that 'she has got a very good school.'

Never was a crow's-nest placed in a more commanding position on a high chestnut by the tender foreknowledge of the birds, than the little *collegium* of which our Yankee was made prime-minister. It was like an eagle's eyrie for prospect, and looked right down into the steep vale, whose sunny enclosure contained too many attractive sights for scholars. At one time it was a gang of king-birds picking at the rear of a crow; or the swoop of the hawk as he snatched a small chicken from the resistant hen; or some exciting cock-fight, or even the lazy tail-wagging of cows as they stood knee-deep in the stream. The gilded weathercock of the meeting-house flashed in the children's eyes. They also saw Mr. Walkjohn going to his work, and Marianne 'stripping' the cows' udders; Bilbo sharpening his scythe, John Van Hausen fishing in the stream; crazy Charity dancing upon a hill-top, as if she were with the devil bewitched, and poor old Jupiter Ammon going about his business on the farm; more, in fine, than Joannes Dibidello saw on that memorable day when he stood sentinel on the ramparts of Wingifred. In vain did the illustrated school-books allure attention, with

'ZACCHEUS he
Climbed up a tree
Our LORD to see;'

and that other melancholy truth, which never casts its shadow over the day-dream of a child :

'TIME cuts down all,
Both great and small.'

In vain were didactic copy-books spread before them, with such texts as these : ' Evil communications corrupt good manners ; ' (better than all the rest to write ;) ' Be virtuous and you will be happy ; ' ' Honesty is ever the best policy : ' they wriggled and twisted like prisoners in a pleasant purgatory, for the company of the gentle sex soothed their little ailments, and caused them to wait more cheerfully for the setting sun. They adopted whatever sports were feasible in such contracted limits ; crooked pins, made pop-guns, ejected spit-balls ; many a time, as noon came, peeped wistfully into the little dinner-baskets which they brought with them ; or toward even, set their desks in order, buckled and unbuckled the leathern straps with which they were to carry home their books. There was one ' good boy ' among the company, who never took his eyes off the lesson, and kept at the head of his class, and had his dictionary and all his books covered with calico, taking care that their whiteness was never sullied, nor their pages dog-eared. He was the only one that could spell *PHYSIC*, for which he ' walked right straight up to the head of his class ' two years before Stubbs came, and kept it ever after. He served as a set-off for his fellows, who were hard of management, for the brisk air of the mountain made them sneeze again. Their white heads rolled about with the turbulence of billows exacerbated by a crisp breeze ; now bending forward to whisper into the willing ears of girls, or plunged as far as the shoulders into a satchel or deep desk, in order to bite the cheek of a ripe apple ; or entirely sejungated from the shoulders, for the more facile execution of grimaces behind a black-board. They were a match for any emergency. Shake them, and they relapsed into the flabbiness of a rag ; aim a blow at their heads, and they yielded like a thistle-down snatched by the hand ; endeavor to force them against a wall, or to lay hold of them by the throat, and they stood stiff and immoveable as a post.

Stubbs ruled them with an according severity. The Webster spellers he flogged every day of their lives. He had a slender rod, which tickled excessively the tenderer parts, whistling in the descent, and cutting with a sharp and definite distinction. More than this, he possessed a poplar sceptre twelve feet in length, the highest off-shoot of that now unpopular tree, with which he was enabled to touch the noses of the remotest scholars, and treat them with an apprehension of the livelier branch. This usually went before the shorter purchase of the rod. Just as the *twig* was bent, the *tree* was inclined. Sometimes, in his amazing impatience, Stubbs flung himself headlong from his platform, shrieking '*Si-lans !*' with a sudden energy which almost tore off the rafters ; took three or four long strides to an offender, pressed the palms of his hands against his two ears, and lifted him by the head till his neck cracked ; rushed to the desk, boxed several ears, and blew his nose by the way. ' Is

that the way you hold your pen, Sir? Make the downward stroke heavier at the bend. That the way you make your *uees*? Take that, Sir, and that—and that! Blubber in my face, do you? I'll see if I can teach manners to some of you! *Si-i-i-i-lans!* by the bell-rope! John Thomas, stick your nose in the corner! Aha! I've caught you!—making devils in school, eh?—on the slate, eh? School's a place to make devils into, eh? Do n't tell me that you did n't make no devils! What's that, Sir, and *that*, and *THAT*, Sir? Now take that, and *that*, and *THAT*, Sir! After rummaging about for some minutes, he returned to his platform, stood still, pricked up his ears, and saying that he heard whispers, slapped his desk with the short elastic whip, till the silence which supervened was like the miraculous calm which comes in spring-time over the tumultuous billows of Gialfournella. The Good Boy sat secure in conscious innocence, but the guilty trembled.

A lenient soother for the school-master's disquieted temper was Susan Wynn, who took an honored seat beside him on the platform to recite her geography. She was entering her second teen; and to speak of the rose which is bursting open with its refulgent bosom to the warmth of day, would not convey the picture of half her charms. As Venus from the sea, so this fair creature might have sprung from the serene, unsullied azure of the mountain-top. Brilliant eyes, beyond any gazelle's for their voluptuous softness! soft a bloom of the cheeks as a young beauty ever boasted! exquisitely carved nose, through whose tender filament the light shone like alabaster! oh, red, red, red lips, the 'well-languaged Daniel' never could do justice to! bright, marvellously bright neck, and plenitude of curls! Was this the daughter of the poor wood-cutter, Wynn? See her sitting in dangerous propinquity to the attentive Stubbs, map in hand, each of them engaged in a vain search somewhere on the map of Southern India, for the peculiarly small town of Tee-Dee. 'It mought be a leetle mossel further to the sou'-west,' said Stubbs, unravelling with his little finger an individual curl, which flew back to its place; and getting the beautiful eyes and head of his pupil 'a little farther to the south-west,' he brought down the nose of his own cranium a very small difference of the compass to the same quarter. 'Tee-Dee, Tee-Dee,' dropping his eyes upon the vale of Cashmere, 'could it have slipped out of its place on the map, or got up some e'r long here, maybe?' The gigantic hand which had been resting on the back of the chair sank from its position gradually to the small waist of the scholar, and the horrible curry-comb of his chin threatened to lacerate her face. He was too absorbed in science to be conscious of the eager audience who were exchanging glances, and looked on the small platform as the theatre of Love's display. 'Susan,' Stubbs said, with an affectionate drawling of the word which told his love of geography, 'spose an' we look for it among them 'ere little specks? It had ought to be somewhere in there, unless it's got sunk by an airthquake.' This search continued for some time, but all the endeavors of the master and the scholar did not suffice to discover the

little town of Tee-Dee. 'Yes,' said Stubbs, kissing his pupil, 'it is n't any matter; I guess it is n't much of a place, any way; not much bigger than Jigtown, in all probability. Second class 'n geography!'

While this romance proceeded within, a great excitement raged in the neighborhood without, reaching to the top of the mountain, and branching off to all the by-paths and villages. A wagon was approaching, containing music; a clarionet and a drum skilfully played on, over which waved the American flag with its stars and stripes, causing all bosoms to heave with animation. This triumphal fuss was justified by a long box in the wagon, whereon the inscription which follows glared out in burning capitals: 'A LIVE ALLIGATOR!—TWELVE FEET LONG!—SIXPENCE A SIGHT!' Rumor had proclaimed it, two or three miles in advance, that this alligator was coming, and the inhabitants came pouring down the mountain-side like an avalanche. Fifty eyes were continually waiting their turn, and the showman's box filled rapidly. 'Form a line, my christian friends! Look a-plenty, but when you *have* got enough, it *doos* seem to be just, to step a leetle a-one side, and give others an oportewnity. Three cents only for *you*, my little man! Come on, ye blooming youth! Make way for the Minister!' 'Is there any thing *theatrical* about it?' 'No, *Sur-ree*!—a female may look at it without indelicacy. Here we go! Only six cents a sight for this grand moral exhibition! 'And the star-spangled banner forever shall wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!'

Si-i-i-i-lans!' roared Stubbs, in hysterics. 'Alligator! alligator! alligator!' cried the excited populace, rising from their stools in a perfect rage of impatience. The distinction between good and bad was demolished. The delinquent who had been commanded to 'stick his nose in the corner,' and the 'good boy,' remonstrated in a lively manner:

'Please, Mr. Stubbs, may n't I go see the alligator?'

'Yes, you may all go. School's dismissed!'

STANZAS: TO A LADY.

As when some toil-worn pilgrim o'er the arid waste
Compels his weary limbs with half-reluctant haste,
Until in that drear desert some oasis finding,
That bears a gentle flower, he, all his griefs unminding,
Stops to admire the gem; then o'er it bends,
And all his soul to its sweet influence lends;
So we, as struggling on through life's stern way,
Hope and ambition prompting day by day,
If some rare native flower like thee we find,
Whose perfume wit is, and whose beauty, mind;
Entranced we linger, as still loth to part
With what so warmly greets the wearied heart:
Until, alike forgetting hope and care,
We all unconscious pay our homage there.

PAUL MARTINDALE.

Troy, January 22, 1846.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY MARY GARDINER.

A void is in the sky!
A light has ceased the seaman's path to cheer,
A star has left its ruby throne on high,
A world forsook its sphere!
Thy sisters bright pursue their circling way,
But thou, lone wanderer! thou hast left our vault for aye!

Did Sin invade thy bowers,
And Death with sable pinion sweep thine air,
Blasting the beauty of thy fairest flowers,
And God admit no prayer?
Did'st thou, as fable saith, wax faint and dim,
With the first mortal breath between thy zone and him?

Thy destined races run,
Did'st thou pass through the purifying flame;
Unmarked by all as fire-flies in the sun,
So expiate thy shame?
Oh! thus, lost star! fall on our chilling clime
The burning tears of grief — the wild remorse of crime.

Did human love, with all
Its passionate might and meek endurance strong;
The love that smiles on Time and scorns the pall,
Through conflict fierce and long;
Live in thy soul's yet know no future's ray?
Then, mystic world! 't were well that thou shouldst pass away.

Perchance a loftier fate
Removed thy radiance from our feeble sight;
Did He, whose spirit wills but to create,
Far upward urge thy flight,
From this low fraction of expiring Time,
To realms where ages roll, as hours, in peace sublime?

E'en there does Science soar,
With trembling pinion, bright and eager eye?
Striving to reach the fast-receding shore
That bounds the vision high?
Immortal longings fill the fettered mind?
Unfathomed glory lay around it, veiled and shrined?

Oh! when the brooding cloud
Shall pass like mist from o'er our straining sight,
And as the sun-born insect from its shroud
The soul speed forth in might,
From phase to phase in Being's endless day,
Shall we behold thy light, or learn thy future way?

Shelter-Island.

W I N T E R E V E N I N G S .

'THE winds of March are humming
Their parting song;
And summer's skies are coming,
And days grow long;
I watch, but not in gladness,
Our garden tree;
It blooms in sober sadness,
Too soon for me!

HALLECK.

Now that 'Winter is over and gone,' while Summer has not deigned to exhibit herself otherwise than in the anticipatory brightness of her precursor, the gentle Spring, and the year remains for a time in that state of transition which partakes in some degree of both, it is not unnatural that one should look back a moment upon the season just past, and forward to the next 'expected arrival.' Not, however, to moralize upon the flight of time, nor to make an inventory of the various properties of the season which is ended, but only to recall the memory of its frosts, snows and whirlwinds, its bright and cold mornings, early sunsets and long evenings. Long evenings and candle-light! these are sufficient food for thought, let alone the rest. The memory of melted snows and dead storms may repose; the magic creations of frost have exhaled; even the scant rays of a wintry sun were too much for them; but in fancy sit down at five, by a warm fire and cheerful lights, and on what brighter page of the winter's diary could we open?

When mention is made of winter, some shrink within, and their thoughts are of chills, coughs and agues. They expect, as a matter of course, to get up shivering; breakfast with chattering teeth; glide like so many ghosts, upon a snow-path, with wary circumspection, and with all the deep blue that the sky once claimed transferred to their own faces; to hover round the fire at night, dreading to retire; and to dream of icicles, frost-monsters, the North-Pole and white bears. If they could thus deal with their 'mortal coil,' they would wrap themselves up at the first symptoms of cold, and remain torpid till the spring vouchsafe to thaw them out. Others, of a more brisk and nimble humor, think first of snow, the 'universal rail-way;' 'sounds as of far-off bells come on their ears;' their feet instinctively shuffle, impatient for skates, and they grudge every hour that river and pond remain liquid. The blast which nips and stings the faint-hearted child of summer, only stirs their bounding blood to livelier pulsations; and its hoarse voice, as it calls the hosts of winter to battle, urges them on to mingle in the noisy fray. Beaux and belles dream dreams and see visions of sleigh-rides and hours of delicious revelry in the lighted ball-room, with their accompaniments and results, and long to throw open the festive doors in the first far-absence of the sun.

'Your servant, Sir,' is like unto none of these. He dreads not

the blast, nor yet shrinks from a frosty morning, unless a love of an extra half-hour's indulgence in the luxury of a half-dream be a token of dread. Neither doth he much value skates, nor affect emulation on the slippery race-grounds of Jack Frost. 'I remember, I remember' the time when I stood on the smooth verge of a pond, in state of *very* 'unstable equilibrium,' momentarily expecting when my feet should be hurriedly projected, and my head laid low in the same plane with them. Neither my cranium nor the ice was broken by the concussion of the fall; but I rebelled against the philosophy and vain deceit of Boscovich, who so learnedly demonstrated that there is no such thing as actual contact. Sleigh-rides seldom tempt me, and balls are neither better nor worse for my presence. While these amusements follow each other, and tread close on the heels of time, till at the vernal equinox they have all melted away like frost-work landscapes, I live in the lonely and tranquil enjoyment of long evenings *at home*. These are the special inheritance of Winter; and now that encroaching day has despoiled them of their fair proportions, it is only human to commemorate their 'departed worth.'

A winter day, coming on late, as if ashamed to show its face, and retiring in haste as if to conceal a blush, is only a prolonged morning twilight, and the real day, wherein it is needful that one work, begins not till the golden lamps of heaven are greeted by answering rays, born of spermaceti. Then is it day indeed. The hours circle the earth on wings of silvery brightness; and whether dews distil in silence, freezing as they fall, or hoarse winds riot in the branches of our guardian trees, there is no stint of working-time to one who is watchful, and no lack of enjoyment to him that is warm. Whereas in the day time, commonly so called, when the slant rays of the sun beam niggardly on the frozen hemisphere, the treacherous light vanishes before you are well aware of it. But let the king of day withdraw his royal presence when he will; once beyond the eye-sight, you may kindle your own day, and enjoy its light at pleasure, till the stars blink in the returning sunrise. These interminable evenings are the peculiar joy of winter, dissolving, by their genial influence all the frost and ice that would otherwise confine the spirit through all his reign. The glory of midsummer is its slow-moving dream-days. Then the night, short and fermenting with unutterable heat, hardly suffices for the repose of nature; but in winter, whose days are a mockery, there is space both for labor and needed rest in the tardy progress of the night hours.

This amplitude of enjoyment; this time-enough-and-to-spare feeling, compensating for the abridgment of the day, would alone make a winter evening 'a joy forever.' But more than this: there is a feeling of joyful pride at our independence of all changes of the seasons. While the outward world is struck with death, wrapped in its winding-sheet of snow, and fast bound in an icy grave; the life blood of vegetation suspended in its flow and driven back to the heart; rivers hushed and still in those channels where they once sported and murmured their expressive music; to feel the pulsations of our own life as vigorous as ever, and breathe an atmosphere of enjoy-

ment by our own hearth, presents a contrast we may not have cared to find language to express, but which consciously or unconsciously stirs the bosom. We exult in that life glowing within us, with a deeper and stronger sensation, when the being of all outward things gives no token of its continuance. When the sun retires to the far south, and night steals hard upon the footsteps of day, as if grudging any interruption of the reign of darkness, 't is pleasant, sure,' to cheer the absence of the sun, and repel the advancing shadows by the kindling light and warmth of 'our ain fireside.'

A hot summer evening may have as much stillness and quietude, perhaps; perhaps it may — for when oppressed by heat, motion is well nigh crucifixion; but in the country, at least, every other living thing is in a hostile attitude. You light your lamp and open the window to enjoy 'light, air, and other easements,' at the same time perpending a wholesome portion of some favorite book, when your ears are saluted by a whole army of insect minstrels. There is first a reveille from the folds of the curtain, answered by a desperate humming from some indefatigable 'artist' outside. The vocal tribes hear the signal and rush to the spot. Mosquitoes sing in your ears, and take a 'treat' of their favorite beverage in the pauses of their melody. Not less than two full-grown beetles burst in with a noise like distant thunder, and after blundering and thumping against every tangible object in the room, strike plump against your cheeks, and end by putting out the lamp. On re-lighting, nameless bugs in masquerade dresses hop-skip-and-jump on the book you strive to profit by. The mob increases, till your lamp is fringed with the carcasses of those seekers after light who have been to the school of experience and paid the customary fees, and you begin to imagine yourself an Egyptian in the midst of the fourth plague. So, shut the window, and make a choice of evils by roasting. How *could* the Persians worship the sun!

The old Spanish voyagers, according to their own story, found some nations wholly ignorant of the existence of fire, and when shown to them by Europeans, supposed it to be a living creature that devoured wood as its natural food. Doubtless, with Falstaff, their oath was, 'By this fire!' So in mythological traditions, the whole world is represented to have been in a like destitute state, till Prometheus brought down fire from heaven. A whole world without fire! Not a dish of boiled, baked, stewed or roasted on the earth! Not a patriotic bonfire or an incendiary riot in any kingdom under the sun! Worst of all, no candle-light! And all this time fire-flies and glow-worms winking at each other, as they beheld their immense superiority over the lords of creation!

At what precise point in the world's history these voracious historians would have us believe that men first discovered that it was unnecessary to 'rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,' we have no very definite account. Nor can any light be thrown on the history of the inventor of candle-light. Whether some genius was stimulated by the contemptuous twinkling of the insects aforesaid; or whether one was moved to envy by the wakefulness of owls; or

whether —— certain it is, that lamps began to figure at *some* period, and still perform their office. It must have seemed a startling thing to the old man who had duly laid himself down with the feathered creation at twilight, when he saw the 'rising generation' so desperate in their defiance of established usage and the wisdom of their fathers, as to drive back the darkness of night with torches and lamps; yea, betake themselves to sitting up late to enjoy them, even at hours when their fathers would have been snoring in grand harmony. Dreadful innovations these, on the kingdom of Darkness and old Night, enough to make those venerable potentates look uneasily on their royal prospects! Whoever may have been the Prometheus who taught men the art of prolonging the '*days* of their lives,' certain it is, that the lesson once learned, mankind have made notable advancement in reducing the same to practice. Hour after hour has been taken from the night, and Night has indemnified herself by subtracting a like number from Day for her purposes, as if jealous of the 'balance of power.' 'T is not impossible, if the fashion makes its present rate of progress, that the sun will become superannuated and be voted out of respectable society. We need not pursue these speculations longer, for '*days grow long.*'

Yes! these night-days are fast going, and will soon be the mere objects of memory and contemplation, until another revolution of the great wheel of nature shall bring them again. Mean time another summer will swallow up the early hours of evening in the radiance of her tireless vertical sun. Night shall turn to day — and such days! Days that, amid the life of awakened nature, shall enshroud us in the imagery of some more celestial sphere; when, between sunrise and sunset, lingeringly floateth by what is felt in its bliss and beauty to be a whole golden age!

L. E. S.

B E A U T Y .

WE know not BEAUTY; what we do adore
 At distance, steals from her essential power.
 For Beauty is perfection, fresh from God,
 Unstained by earth, unburied by the sod:
 Bright forms! to which the fleeting hours give birth;
 O! rose! thou sweet conception of the earth!
 And oh! thou form of Woman! in whose eyes
 Our very poetry of being lies;
 Where all we know of life, of light is thrown
 Around the sphere of thine enchanting zone;
 Ye are but emblems fair, to mortals given,
 The shining characters that point to Heaven.
 These are but shadows of the Form above,
 And these are lovely, but they are not LOVE.
 And these are beautiful, but BEAUTY's shrine
 Is builded by the Oracle Divine;
 And beams not in the purple light of youth,
 And knows no form but of IMMORTAL TRUTH.

BREAKING UP OF THE HUDSON.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

I.

OLD Hudson has broken his fetters!
Scorning both prison and chain,
He rusheth and sweepeth to Ocean,
In freedom and glory again!
The voice of his triumph resoundeth
From mountain and valley along,
And shouts to the shore which he passes,
Renowned in old story and song.

II.

Like the long-prisoned winds whose wild voices
Æolus had chained in his cave,
He bursts through the walls of his bondage,
And laughs from the top of each wave!
He calls to the sun, whose full glory
So long has been shrouded to him;
He blesses the beautiful heavens,
Whose radiance no longer is dim.

III.

He welcomes the Mohawk with laughter,
As gladly it leaps to his breast,
And washing the base of Mount Ida,
He sends up a song to its crest;
Then onward he urges his current,
For far in the distance arise
The peaks of the blue-rounded Kaätskills,
Like pillars to fair Southern skies.

IV.

He welcomes each village he passes,
He leaps to the side of each hill,
And seems to rejoice as he finds them
Unaltered and beautiful still;
And wildly the burst of his laughter
Among the dark Highlands arose,
As leaping aloft, he endeavored
To wet father 'Anthony's Nose!'

V.

He reverently spoke to old 'Cro'nest,'
And a blessing he asked of the sage,
As if the old mountain were sacred,
And claimed the respect due to age;
Again he expanded his waters,
And smiling with waves, kissed the lea,
As he burst from the cliffs of the Highlands,
And danced into broad 'Tappan Zee.'

VI.

The 'Palisades' proudly uprising,
 Whose corridors man never trod,
 Whose aisles and whose arches betoken
 The great architecture of God,
 Look down from their turrets upon him,
 And dim with long shadows the sky,
 Unchanged in their glory and grandeur,
 While ages sweep mournfully by.

VII.

Still crashing the walls of his prison,
 And casting his fetters aside,
 He sweeps through the bay of old Gotham,
 And joins the gray Ocean's dark tide;
 And mingles his song in the chorus
 Which swells the proud harp of the sea,
 In the anthem sublime and triumphant,
 Of 'Ocean, the chainless and free!'

Albany, March 20, 1846.

CITY ARTICLES.

NUMBER ONE.

The Grapes.

'Buenos the Grapes, John.'—TOM BOWHORN.

SOME of the big daily papers devote one of their columns to what they call a 'City Article,' meaning thereby an essay on the subject of money, which is supposed to be more particularly interesting to that portion of the world called 'the city,' than to any other; people who live in rural districts being notoriously indifferent to money and money matters. But these 'Articles' of ours will not relate to money at all, excepting the small quantity of that article which they may procure us, but to articles which are eminently city articles, and which cannot be found in any other district whatever. For instance: an alderman is a city article; so is mud, so is gas; but money, trees, houses, humbugs, and-so-forth, may be found in city and country. 'Are grapes, then, city articles?' asks somebody. Of course not, exclusively, although there is hardly a habitation in the city which has not a trellis in the back-yard, with a snaky-looking vine trailed over it, from which glorious bunches of Catawbas or Isabellas may be gathered in September. But 'The Grapes' is a city article exclusively. The world, too, is a city article; people who spend their lives in the country are supposed to be profoundly ignorant of 'the world;' and whenever they wish to see it, to learn by actual experience what it is, in fact, to mix with it and in it, they always come to the city. Nobody ever went into the country to see the world. The denizens of our city perhaps can see more of 'the

world' by remaining in their own wards than many travellers do in going over half the globe. For what makes one part of the world different from another, but the people who inhabit it? 'Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt,' is the motto of our friends from Albion's Isle, and a very proper one it is. The Spaniard, Frenchman, German, and so on, bring hither their habits as well as their tongues and complexion; and wherever they congregate, there they form a New-Spain, a New-France, a New-Germany, and so on, which differs from the old only as a new potatoe differs from a transplanted old one. There is no greater need of going to Connemara to make the acquaintance of a real vegetable paddy than of an animal Paddy. 'Cœlum, non animum' will apply in one case as well as in the other. Man makes the manners as emphatically as manners make the man. One can become a 'picked man of nations' without quitting the Battery. It is as short a step from Broadway to the Boulevards as from the sublime to the ridiculous. You can pop into Dublin, Edinburgh or Vienna by turning a corner, and Seven Dials may be visited by going down Anthony-street, as carelessly as though you were Tom King; 'facilis descensus averti;' or you may drink Spanish chocolate, without going to Vigo, like the illustrious Mr. Titmarsh; or enjoy a trip to London, and a toby of ale and a rabbit, as we did, (namely, ourself and a friend from the country,) by merely turning out of Broadway into Chambers-street, and opening the door of

The Grapes.

'LET us go in here and refresh ourselves,' said Verdaunt; 'I am weary of fine ladies and Gothic churches.'

'Why here?' I replied, knowing the austere habits of my companion.

'Those grapes over the door look so tempting,' he replied. 'It's a fruiterer's, of course.'

I said nothing, but followed Verdaunt, who wears glasses, which do not render him the keenest-sighted person in the world; and he did not at once discern his mistake, but seated himself at a little mahogany table, on which was lying a late copy of 'The Times.'

'What will you have?' said Verdaunt.

'Just what you choose,' I replied, watching very curiously for a *dénouement*, as the novel-writers say.

'What do you wish, gentlemen?' said a smart-looking lady, with a jovial, ruddy countenance, which was heightened by a lace cap and pink ribbons, who emerged suddenly into our presence from a kind of closet with a half-door and a window.

'For my part, I will take some grapes,' said Verdaunt.

'Grapes, Sir!' said the lady, with a bewildered look.

'Yes,' said Verdaunt, emphatically; 'grapes, if you please!'

'We do n't keep grapes,' said the lady, all at once turning as sour as though she had been changed into a bunch, and suddenly retreated into her closet again.

'What is it, gentlemen? what is 'e matter with the missis?' ex-

claimed a ponderous gentleman, wearing a ponderous gold chain with a ponderous pair of gold seals, who rose from a table close by, where he had been pondering over a 'Weekly Dispatch,' and dragged himself, rather than stepped, toward us. 'What 'll 'ee 'ave?'

'I believe we have made a mistake here,' said Verdaunt, as he scrutinized the room and glanced from the figure in the closet to the figure before us.

'Will you take it in a mug or a toby, Sir?' said the ponderous gentleman, inclining his ear to catch the reply; 'you can 'ave pewter or glass, whichever you loike.'

'What in the world does he mean?' said Verdaunt.

'Old or new, or 'alf-an'-'alf mixed?—that 's the best, I think,' continued the figure. 'I do n't feel very smartish to-day, and I am going to try some o' that myself. I 'ave got four 'ogsheads on tap; you can 'ave whichever you loike, but I do n't think you 'll find a better glass of ale in any nobleman's cellar in England, not to say London.'

'O! I see how it is,' said Verdaunt, catching his breath; 'this is an ale-house. I am ashamed of myself. Do n't laugh; but let us make the best of it. Mixed, if you please, Sir, mixed.'

'Two tobys of 'alf-an'-'alf, William,' called out the landlord, with his great gruff voice; and then reseated himself gradually, with a half-smothered grunt, which seemed to say, 'Thank heaven! I 'm down again!'

The two tobys were brought directly by William, and placed before us on a little japanned salver, accompanied by two tall drinking-glasses, which might have been copied out of a Dutch painting. The tobys were little brown mugs, bearing some resemblance to a porsy old gentleman in a bob-wig and three-cornered hat; and were so-called in honor of Toby Fillpot, who is the patron saint of such places, and has a nimbus of foamy ale, instead of one of tin foil, like many other saints.

'In truth, this is good stuff!' said Verdaunt, while the foam of the toby beaded his upper lip like a budding moustache. 'Did you say, Sir, that this came from a nobleman's cellar?' he continued, looking at the landlord, who immediately hobbled toward us again.

'Another?' said the landlord.

'No,' said Verdaunt; 'I understood you to say something about a nobleman's cellar and a tap, and —'

'O, ah! two rabbits, William!' said the landlord, and was just preparing to let himself down again, when Verdaunt repeated his question about the nobleman's cellar.

'Yes, I understand,' said the landlord; 'I 'ave four 'ogsheads of that in my cellar, as good ale as ever you tasted in your life. Any body that says that aint a good glass of ale do n't know what ale is. Oi think I ought to know summat about ale. Oi was born in Kent, and my father before me.'

'But, my friend, you did not understand me,' said Verdaunt, seriously.

'O, ah! that 's it. Well, the rabbits will be here presently.'

'What a Boniface it is!' said Verdaunt.

'As to that,' continued landlord, 'some loikes it moild and some loikes it bitter; as for myself, I loikes it 'alf-an'-'alf. It 's capital for the rheumatiz. I do n't think oi should have been alive now, if 't was n't for ale. Ha! you think it 's too bitter? Oi do n't. It was made out of as good 'ops as ever grewed in Sussex or Kent. 'T was as foine 'ops as ever you see with your eyes, oi do n't care what any man says. If you rub them 'ops in your 'and, ah! they smell sweeter than a posy!'

'Why, what is this?' said Verdaunt, staring through his glasses at the rabbits, which William had just placed upon the table.

'A pair of Welch rabbits,' I whispered: 'eat yours, and say nothing about it.'

'Why, it 's nothing but toasted cheese and bread!' said Verdaunt, turning it over disdainfully with his knife.

'Well, it 's not Stilton nor double-Gloster, I 'll say that,' muttered landlord; 'but a foiner bit of cheese never came out of Cheshire, I do n't care who says it. Oi do n't believe Sir Robert Peel himself ever had a foiner rabbit than that on his table.'

'It is not the cheese,' said Verdaunt, 'but the thing itself. I was disappointed in not seeing a rabbit. It 's an imposition!'

'Ah, I dare say they make good cheese,' said landlord, 'but it is n't such cheese as you get in Oxford-street, at any cheese-monger's, I know that. I am not blind, if I am a little hard of hearing! Stilton 's the cheese for me! Bless your 'art, perhaps you wont believe it, but it 's true though, the Lord Mayor used to buy of the same shop as I did. But, with such a glass of ale as that! — ah! but it 's foine, though!'

'Well, I 'll give up!' said Verdaunt; 'it 's no use talking! Old Will Boniface was a child to him. It 's nothing but ale, *ale*, ALE!'

'Just so! it 's a rather bitter ale, I know,' said landlord; 'but you shall try some of my third tap. Here, William, draw a toby out of the third tap. He 's a tightish boy, that, (in a gruff whisper;) he can draw a glass as well as I can do it myself, (aloud,) and he 's only nineteen next Christmas. The missis will make a man of him. I like to encourage him, you know, by a good word; (in another whisper, which the passers-by in the street might have heard.) There, taste of that: ah! but its foine! I thought so; I knowed you 'd loike it! I 've five butts of that in my cellar, ripening for next October.'

'It is shocking bitter!' said Verdaunt.

'As for that, I think so myself; it wants a little more hage, and then it won't taste so strong of the 'ops. For my own use now, I like it better than Barclay's double ale; many 's the mug of that I 've tasted. My missis thinks it is best, too; and she knows what ale is. I say, gentlemen, if either of you wants a good drop of British brandy for your own tooth, you know, I can let you have a demijohn, or a couple of quarts, or a pint or so. It 's capital stuff! only half a guinea a gallon, you know.'

'Hallo!' exclaimed a dumpy little man, with a dreadfully red

face, who had been snoring until this moment with an empty tumbler before him, and a 'Bell's Life in London' under his forehead; 'I say, Mr. Adn, give us a mug of ale, quick! it's almost 'alf an hour since I drank my brandy-and-water, and I am getting thirsty. Draw it mild, Adn, and give it to me in a mug; I can't give up the pewter. I say, Adn, what do you think of Cobden and Bright?'

'That makes five mugs and two glasses,' replied landlord, putting his hand, trumpet-wise, to his ear.

'Confound your mugs and glasses!' roared the little man with the red face; 'I say, Adn, what do you think of Cobden and Bright?'

'O, he is a roarer!' replied landlord, at a venture.

'Yes, and I know what I would do if I was Chancellor of the Exchequer,' said little Red-face. 'I would bring in a bill to have the pair of them sent to Botany Bay.'

'Ah, yes! he's a capital fellow!' replied landlord; 'many's the time I have seen him walk into the 'Queen's Arms,' in Parliament-street, and take his ale, just like me or you would a' done.'

'What a spoon!' muttered the indignant Red-face, as he buried his visage in the pewter. 'What has that to do with it, Adn?'

'I always liked the Queen's Arms,' said landlord.

'Ah! but that's not what I was talking about,' said the other; 'but first give me another mug of ale: I can't talk without I have somethink before me. The Queen's Arms was never a favorite tap of mine. I always liked summat a little more select and genteel, like the Nag's Head. But that is neither here nor there. I think I must try some of the brandy again; this ale do n't sit well on me. After I have taken this and one more, just to top off with, I must be going. But I say, Adn, it's well for those fellows that I ain't Sir Robert Peel! I'd pay 'em off for ruining the country! I say, my father's 'op plantation in Sussex won't pay anythink next year; 't won't be worth ten pound an acre. The country is going to ruin. I only wish I stood in the Queen's shoes for a week or so!'

'Do you think you could get down the price of ale?' said landlord.

Taking advantage of the beginning of a long argument on the state of the country, Verdaunt rose to go; but we first took a glance at 'The Grapes,' to see if it contained any thing to remind us that we were in the western hemisphere. The walls of 'The Grapes' were decorated by a series of colored engravings, dedicated 'with permission' to His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, representing a series of tableaux composed of horses, dogs, and noblemen in red coats, engaged in that truly British occupation of running down a fox, who was caught, in the last of the series, and his tail brandished over the heads of the assembled nobility by one of their companions, mounted on the limb of a tree. On the little mahogany tables of 'The Grapes' were scattered various London newspapers; and inside the bar hung a great number of pewter mugs and brown tobys, while 'missis' in the flamboyant cap sat beside a baron of beef to keep it in countenance.

'Why, Franco,' said Verdaunt, 'there is nothing American here, that I can see.'

'O yes there is,' said I. 'Here are ourselves, and there is an 'Albion.'

'Well, for all that, it is exactly like London,' said Verdaunt.

'Not exactly. If 't were London, the landlord would call his beer-house a 'Wine Vault;' here he only calls it 'The Grapes.'

HARRY FRANCO.

L A Y O F T H E V I S I O N A R Y .

BY MARY A. MERRITT.

I.

CALL me not lonely! Unseen spirits linger
 Around my path when evening zephyrs sigh,
 As Mem'ry traces with a mystic finger
 On flower and leaf, some dream of days gone by;
 Some scene, some form the youthful spirit cherished,
 E'en as a portion of its trembling life,
 Some blossom 'mid the wreath whose buds have perished,
 And some bright dream of love without its strife.

II.

Call me not lonely, while the lightning pinions
 Of viewless messengers around me float:
 Some from the clime of Fancy's far dominions,
 Some from the land of song, with plaintive note;
 They come, when moonbeams shed a dewy splendor
 O'er shore and wave, at midnight's solemn hush;
 They come, to bid my dreaming soul surrender,
 And bear me on their pinions as they rush.

III.

Then earth adieu! I seek the shore eternal,
 The sphere where grief-worn hearts resume their spring;
 Where spirit brows are wreathed with blossoms vernal,
 'Fanned into being' by the Bright One's wing;
 And where the boundless ocean of existence
 Flows smoothly on, beneath immortal skies;
 But with the morning it will melt in distance,
 That bright yet transient glimpse of Paradise!

IV.

What hast thou, Earth! to satisfy each longing
 Of world-worn spirits after dreams like these?
 But they will come again, in silence thronging
 This heart, when sighs the twilight's gentle breeze;
 Yes! they will come once more, through darkness winging,
 Those forms that greet me when the day hath flown;
 Some wished-for message to my spirit bringing:
 If this be lonely, let me still be lone.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHRAMM.

‘Ich habe gesehen, was (Ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihre Erzählung.’

TREVIRANUS, TO COLBRIDGE.

‘I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.’

Mrs. SMITH, desirous of relieving the GENTLEMAN IN BLACK of his embarrassment, and wishing to change the current of his thoughts, requested him to give her the benefit of his opinion of her library, and of the authors it contained.

The Gentleman in Black, after a moment’s abstraction, recovered himself, and looking around, said :

‘As I have remarked, you have strange contrarieties of men and opinions here ; on this side, the fathers of the church, and on the other, their antagonists. Here is ORIGEN, CYPRIAN, TERTULLIAN, ATHANASIUS, CHRYSOSTOM, JEROME, AUGUSTINE, THEODORET, BASIL, the four GREGORYS, LEO, BENEDICT, and their successors ; and there,’ pointing to the English divines, ‘the giants of Protestant theology.’

‘They present a very respectable outside, certainly,’ said Mrs. Smith ; ‘but I am guiltless of any knowledge of what they contain.’

‘Ah !’ said the Gentleman in Black, ‘they were truly wonderful men ! Here,’ said he, rasping the toe of his boot against a row of folios, ‘is one of the great works of the age in which it was written.’

Mrs. Smith stooped to read the title on the backs, but it was written in contractions, and in a language not known to the lady ; who, finding her attempt at guessing at the purport of the title unavailing, candidly confessed her ignorance, and requested the Gentleman in Black to tell on what subject they treated.

He replied, smiling, ‘On a subject which has divided* the christian world from its earliest ages : ‘The Perpetual Virginity of Mary.’

‘Is it possible,’ she exclaimed, ‘that such a subject should afford matter for so many ponderous volumes ?’

The Gentleman in Black answered, ‘There was nothing so fruitful of controversy as questions which are beyond the reach of the human understanding. This is the receptacle of all the learning and argument held by the church on this subject, and on the sublime virtue of virginity in general. Who will say the Jesuits have done nothing for the advancement of learning, after this ?’

‘To me,’ replied Mrs. Smith, ‘it looks like laborious idleness. But you tell me this subject has been deemed one of great interest in the early times of the christian church ?’

‘Its rise is not now to be traced, though we know it was as early as the times of Origen ; and we first hear of its existence, from

* THE two great orders of Franciscans and Dominicans were at war with each other as to this dogma, which was contemned by the Jesuits and Jansenists.

its being denied by Helvedius, a disciple of Auxentius, the Arian; and also by Tertullian, Appolonarius, Eunomias, and their followers.'

'It seems to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'perfectly absurd.'

'Yes, Madam,' and however idle and puerile all this may seem to you,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'I assure you no dogma has had so great an influence on the conditions of society, or has wrought more important changes on the moral aspects of the world, than this. Unlike most of the dogmas and dreams of the early ages, this still holds its place in the veneration and confidence of millions, and is now controlling the destinies of multitudes of men and women, who are doomed to a state of being at war with nature and the God of Nature. And yet, it was to the combined effort of the giant minds of Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome, that the church owes the perpetuity of this dogma, and all the institutions and consequences, which have existed and exist, and which have been founded on the glory they have conferred on the rare and difficult and uncalled-for virtue of celibacy.'

'And was it a belief of the *pure* and *primitive* ages of the church?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

'What ages of the past can be compared with the present?' replied the Gentleman in Black, in a tone of surprise.

'I speak of the centuries immediately following the days of the Apostles,' answered Mrs. Smith. 'How early was this wonderful virtue attributed to the Virgin Mary?' 'St. Augustine, whose fame is in all lands, as you know, held that she was as much a virgin after the birth of CHRIST as before!' 'But how could such an idea be for a moment entertained?'

'It *was* entertained,' replied the Gentleman in Black, smiling; 'and some idea of the absurdities resorted to may be gathered from a very old picture in the church at Constance, which represents an old man lying on a cloud, from which a vast beam of light darts out, and which passes through a dove hovering just below; at the end of the rays of light appears a transparent egg, in which is seen a child in swaddling clothes, with a glory around it. Mary sits leaning in an arm-chair, and opens her mouth ready to receive the egg.'

'That accounts for the conception only,' said Mrs. Smith.

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and said: 'There were then, as in later days, men who, like Sir Thomas Brown in his '*Religio Medici*,' complained that 'there were not impossibilities enough in religion for their active faith,' and who heartily adopted the axiom of Tertullian: '*Certum est quia impossibile est.*' It is certainly true, because it is impossible.*'

'In order to secure for this dogma the highest possible sanction,' continued the Gentleman in Black, 'Gregory Ivysen insists that the manner of CHRIST's entering the world was a tacit disparagement of marriage; and in his oration on Christmas day, adopts a tradition concerning the Virgin Mary, the import of which is to secure her suffrage in support of vowing virginity in very childhood.'

* COLERIDGE'S '*Aids to Reflection.*'

Joseph, we are told, was pitched upon as the guardian of her innocence; and this story, which was introduced by Gregory as apocryphal, Augustine, a few days later, alludes to as an authentic fact. 'It is clear,' says he in his work, '*De Sancta Virginitate*,' 'that Mary had previously, (that is, before the visit of the angel,) devoted herself to God in inviolable chastity; and that she had been espoused to Joseph *on this very condition*.' All which is affirmed, that Mary might 'furnish an example to holy nuns in all time to come.' The greatest stickler for this doctrine was St. Bernard; and strange as it may appear, this dogma has recently been raised at Oxford, whose divines seem desirous of reviving in the English mind all the blessedness of the *Calibate*; and we shall soon again hear of devout boys and girls being transformed into '*Terrestrial Angels*' by passing through the fiery ordeal of celibacy.'

'Such a dogma seems to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'nothing less than the resuscitation of the horrid Molech of the ancient Jews in a new form, and must certainly be nothing less than the device of Satan himself.'

The Gentleman in Black smiled and said: 'Aristotle tells us never to call up the gods unnecessarily.* Satan has many things to answer for, of which he was most innocent. To me, all this is satisfactorily accounted for, from misconceptions of some passages of the Scriptures, and an admixture of gnosticism, which held possession of the religious world almost universally,† sustained as the sentiment was, as I have stated, by the giant intellects of the Church; and CYPRIAN speaks of it in his day as among the 'evangelic and apostolic traditions,' and enforces it, though it had even then began to work out its legitimate and necessary consequences; for in his Epistles he says: 'Wherefore, it is by no means to be allowed that young women should (*non dico simul dormire*) live with men; but if they have dedicated themselves to CHRIST, let them modestly and chastely, and without subterfuge, hold to their purpose; and thus, constant and firm, look for the reward of virginity.'

'But I thought,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that the early times of the Church were, next to those of the Garden of Eden, the paradisiacal days of the world. I have always heard them so spoken of by the Rev. Dr. URJOHN, and have often regretted that I too had not lived in those days of purity, when men and angels once more renewed their converse on earth.'

'Such representations of the early days of christianity are no doubt very delightful, and it is only to be regretted that they are not true. And yet the description which Paul gives of the church at Corinth was any thing but flattering; and such a church, even in

* Φανερόν ὅτι καὶ τὰς λύσεις τῶν μύθων ἐξ αὐτοῦ δεῖ τοῦ μύθου συμβαίνειν, καὶ μὴ ὥσπερ ἐν τῇ Μηδείᾳ ἀπὸ μηχανῆς. — ARISTOT. *POET.* 13.

'NEC Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit:'. —

HORACE.

† It was the seductive gnostic principle which made the conditions of animal life, and the common alliances of man in the social system, the antithesis of divine perfections; and so to be escaped from and denied, by all who panted after the highest excellence. — TAYLOR.

Babylon the Less, which had changed the Supper into a bacchanalian feast, would be deemed a disgrace to the age and country. It is common to speak of these ages as the pure ages of the Church; yet I can assure you, and I do n't think I 'm at all prejudiced in the matter, there has never existed an era when the principles of christianity have been so well taught and understood as the present.'

'In all these matters,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I have long since become very skeptical; but yet the constant iteration of these assertions have still dwelt upon my mind as acknowledged verities. And it seems strange to me that such corruptions could have been engrafted on an age so recently purified by the fires of persecution.'

'So we might have supposed; yet, from the Epistles of Cyprian, it is evident that the ladies of Carthage sought to indemnify themselves for their abjuration of the virtues of domestic life, by becoming proficient in every meretricious allurements; not merely bestowing extraordinary cares and costs upon the attractions of dress and jewellery, and frequenting scenes of indecent revelry, but inviting and allowing the grossest familiarities on the part of their spiritual guides, to whom they had too easy access; and even yielding themselves to shameful exposures in the public baths; of which ablutions the good bishop well and smartly says, '*Such washings do not cleanse, but pollute the body; and not only the body, but the soul.*'* That such indecencies of the Carthaginian women were not a singular instance of irregularity, may be gathered from the very express and detailed reference to the same practices, made some years earlier by Clement of Alexandria. So much, Madam, for the boasted purity of the pristine age of the Church.'

'But by what course of instruction,' inquired Mrs. Smith, 'could so obvious a command as that of the creator of an institution honored by the presence and first of CHRIST'S miracles come into disrepute? This is, after all, quite a mystery to me.'

'It is by no means difficult to show this as the consequence of the misconceptions I have alluded to; and as a necessary effect following the eloquence and rhetoric devoted to the elevation of the honors of virginity. Let me read you a passage from St. Bernard,' said the Gentleman in Black. Taking the volume from the shelf, and opening it at the subjoined passage, he read on as follows:

'What is so fair as chastity, which makes of a man an angel? A chaste man and an angel differ as to felicity, but not as to virtue; for, although the purity of the angel be the happier of the two, that of man must be admitted to be the more energetic. It is chastity, and that alone, which in this abode of mortality holds forth the state of immortal glory. This is the glory of a single life, to live the life of an angel, while occupying the body as of a beast.' He goes on to say: 'Who then should scruple to call the life of a religious Cœlebs a celestial, an angelic life?—or what will *all* the elect be in the resurrection, when even now ye are as the angels of God who abstain from matrimonial connections? . . . And, as to chastity

* TAYLOR: p. 118.

and sanctity, I may call you terrestrial angels, or rather as citizens of heaven, although still pilgrims upon earth.' And if all this was attractive to men, how must such a passage as the one I will read you have thrilled in the souls of young girls, as it came warm with the eloquence of the silver-tongued Chrysostom !' So saying, the Gentleman in Black took from the shelves a ponderous volume, and read to Mrs. Smith, whose face showed the deepest interest in the subject, the following passage :

'The virgin, when she goes abroad, presents herself as the bright specimen of all philosophy, and strikes all with amazement, as if now an angel had descended from heaven ; or just as if one of the cherubim had appeared upon earth, and was turning the eyes of all men upon himself. So should all those who look upon a virgin be thrown into admiration and stupor at the sight of her sanctity. And when she advances, she moves as through a desert ; or when she sits at church, it is with the profoundest silence : her eye catches nothing of the objects around her ; she sees neither women nor men, but her Spouse only, and He as if apparent and present ; and then retiring to her home, there she again communes with Him in prayers, and His voice alone she listens to, in the Scriptures ; and of Him there she thinks, whom she desires and loves ; and whatever she does, it is as a pilgrim and a stranger, to whom things present are as nothing. Not only does she hide herself from the eyes of men, but avoids the society of secular women also. The body she takes care of only so far as necessity compels her, while she bestows all her regards upon the soul : and who shall not marvel at her ? who shall not be in ecstasy, in thus beholding the angelic life embodied in a female form ? And who is it that shall dare approach her ? who shall venture to touch this flaming spirit ? Nay, rather all stand aloof, willing or unwilling. All are fixed in amazement, as if there were before their eyes a mass of incandescent and sparkling gold ! Gold hath indeed by nature its splendor ; but when saturate with fire, how admirable, nay, even fearful, is it ! And thus, when a soul such as this occupies the body, not only shall the spectacle be wondered at by men, but even angels.'

'It is indeed no wonder,' said Mrs. Smith, as the Gentleman in Black closed the book, 'that such adulation should have filled, in this early age, the minds of prurient girls with zeal for the crown of virginity.'

'Not in that age only, but in all ages, my dear Madam,' replied the Gentleman in Black. 'The same passions lie in every breast, and are susceptible of being awakened. Erasmus has in this volume,' taking down the *Colloquies of Erasmus*,* 'given us a most admirable dialogue with a young girl of his day, who has had what Sir Roger L'Estrange has translated 'a phansie to a cloyster,' which has been opposed by her parents, who, after great affliction, consent to it. Erasmus introduces a friend of the family, who dissuades her, and lays before her the snares and dangers of this

* LONDON edition of 1699 : p. 109.

course of life, and the artifices by which this desire has been created. The young girl who speaks is represented as just seventeen, of singular beauty and endowments. She says : ' It will certainly be my death if I am disappointed.'

ERASMUS. What was it that first gave rise to such a fatal resolution ?

CATHARINE. When I was a little girl, they carried me into the cloisters, and showed me the whole college ; the chapels were so neat, and the gardens so clean, so delicate, and so well-ordered, that I fell in love with them ; and then they themselves were so pure and glorious that they looked like angels ; so that, in short, which way soever I turned my eye, there was comfort and pleasure : and then I had the prettiest discourses with the nuns ! I found two there who had been my playfellows when I was a child. But I have always had a strange passion for that kind of life.

ERASMUS. I have no quarrel as to the RULES and ORDERS of Cloisters, though the same thing can never agree with all persons. If I were to speak my opinion, I should think it more suitable to your genius and manners to take a good husband and set up a college in your own house, where he should be the father of it and you the mother.

CATHARINE. I'll rather die than quit my resolution of virginity !

ERASMUS. Nay, 't is an admirable thing to be a pure maid ; but cannot you keep yourself so without running yourself into a prison, never to come out again ?

CATHARINE. Yes, I may ; but 't is not so safe, though.

ERASMUS. Much safer, truly, in my judgment, than with these brawling swill-bellied monks. They are no *capons*, I assure you, whatever you may think of 'em ; but may very properly be called *fathers* ; for they commonly make good their calling to the very letter. Let me tell you, there are more *veils* than *virgins* ; and I never read of any more than one *virgin*, and she was a *mother*. Nay, the maids you speak of, let me assure you, *do more than maid's business*.

CATHARINE. Why so ? if you please.

ERASMUS. Because there are more *Sapphos* among 'em for their bodies than for their brains.

CATHARINE. I do not understand you. My head runs strangely upon this course of life, though ; and my passion for it every day grows stronger and stronger. Now if this were not inspired into me from above, this disposition, I am persuaded, would have gone off long ago.

ERASMUS. If it were good, Heaven would have inclined your parents to favor the notion ; but the gay things you saw when you were a child ; the tittle-tattle of the nuns, and the hankering you have after your old acquaintances ; the external pomp of their worship ; the importunities of their senseless monks, who only hunt for proselytes that they may cram their own paunches ; here's the ground of your affection. They know your father to be frank and bountiful, and this is the way they make fun of their *tipple* ; for they either drink with him, or else invite him, and he brings as much wine

along with him as ten lusty soakers can swallow. Do nothing, therefore, without your parents' consent, whom God hath set over you as your guardians.

CATHARINE. But what is a father or a mother in respect of CHRIST?

'And so,' continued the Gentleman in Black, 'Catharine persists in her resolution, and goes into the nunnery. In this next colloquy she is again introduced, having been twelve days in the cloister. Erasmus asks her, 'How came your parents to consent at last?'

CATHARINE. Betwixt the restless solicitations of the monks and nuns, and my own importunities and tears, my mother at last relented, but my father would not be wrought upon. In the end, he was prevailed upon to yield, as a man absolutely oppressed and overcome. The resolution was taken in their cups, and the monks preached no less than damnation to him, if he refused to CHRIST His spouse.

ERASMUS. A pack of flagitious fools! But what then?

CATHARINE. I was kept close at home for three days, and several of the convent were constantly with me; mightily encouraging me to persist, in my holy purpose, and as narrowly watching me, lest any of my friends and kindred should come to me, and make me change my mind. In the interim, my habits were ready, and other necessities, for the solemnity.

ERASMUS. And did not your mind misgive you?

CATHARINE. No, not at all. And yet I had so horrid a fright, that I had rather die ten times over than be in that condition again.

ERASMUS. What might that be? Come, tell me truly: I am your friend.

CATHARINE. I had a most dreadful apparition!

ERASMUS. Your Evil Genius, who pushed you forward into disobedience; and in the shape, I suppose, we see it painted, with a crooked beak, long horns, harp's claws and a swinging tail?

CATHARINE. You may laugh, if you will, but I had rather sink to the earth than see the fellow of it!

ERASMUS. And were your women-solicitoresses with you at the time?

CATHARINE. No. And I would not so much as open my mouth to them of it, though they sifted me most particularly; for you must know, they found me almost dead with the terror.

'You see,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'that Erasmus does not say this was a contrivance of these monks and nuns, though I think he hints it was. The dialogue goes on to show Catharine wide awake to the danger in which she was placed, and that at her earnest cries and tears she was relinquished by the monks, on the payment of four hundred crowns; and concludes by Erasmus saying: 'Oh! these guttling nuptials! but since the money is gone, 'tis well you are yourself safe. Hereafter hearken to good advice.' Catharine replies, 'So I will; a burnt child dreads the fire.'

'And is that the writing of Erasmus, the great champion of the Church, and the opponent of Luther?' inquired Mrs. Smith, with surprise.

'Yes, my dear Madam: such were the efforts of Erasmus to save

the Church from the corruptions introduced into it by these primitive fathers, and which had ripened in his day to a degree of profligacy which admitted of no remedy less searching than the knife, as applied by Luther, though the *caustic*, as applied by himself, must have been deemed by these monks and nuns rather harsh treatment.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the Gentleman in Black, with a smile of sincerest satisfaction, passing his fingers over seventeen folio volumes, 'here is the angelical doctor! the Emanuel Swedenborg of the Catholic church!' And taking out a volume, and opening it, he said: 'Here is the celebrated *'Summa Totius Theologiæ,'* Paris, 1615, of Thomas Aquinas.'

'Why was he called the angelical doctor?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

'From his wonderful revelations. It is said of him, that by his daily and constant contemplations, to which he was devoted, that he frequently fell into an ecstasy of mind, in which he seemed to all present to be dead, yet in the mean time he gained the knowledge of the most abstruse mysteries; and being returned to himself, he imparted the fruits of this his philosophic death to others, and the results of which he has here recorded.*

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Smith; 'this is placing his writings on very high grounds, and the fact must have given him great influence in his day; and yet I suppose, if this be so, he must have been a subject of what we now call animal magnetism. You have doubtless heard of such cases, in which sermons have been preached, by ladies even, in a state of similar unconsciousness?'

'Certainly I have; and such cases have often occurred in different countries and at different times. Old Fuller, in his *Worthies*,† tells us of the boy William Withers, who in 1581, when a child of eleven years of age, lay in a trance for ten days without any nourishment, and uttered strange speeches against pride and covetousness and the sins of the day. Pliny‡ also tells of Hermotimus, the Clazomenian, whose soul frequently deserted his body and wandered about the world, and at his return would tell of things performed at a distance which could only be known to those who were present at the places spoken of by him. Johannes Scotus,§ (known to the world as the famous Duns Scotus) too, had also his trances, and would sit for the space of a day immovable, with his mind and senses wandering from his body. And the fates of these men were as remarkable as their conditions of mind; for Hermotimus was found in one of his trances by his enemies; who burned his body, and Duns Scotus in like manner was found by some unacquainted with his idiosyncrasy, and so buried alive.'

'This is indeed as disastrous as it is wonderful,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'and a warning to which our Mesmerists would do well to take heed. And were the revelations of Swedenborg made under like conditions of mind?'

'No, Madam, as unlike as possible; for writing to Doctor Actingen, he says: 'I can sacredly and solemnly declare that the Lord himself

* ZUING. *Theatr.*, vol. 1. l. 3, p. 223.

† FULLER'S *Worthies*, p. 113.

‡ PLINY, l. 7, ch. lii. p. 184.

§ SABELLIC. *Exempl.*, l. 2, ch. vi. p. 89.

has been seen of me, and that he has sent me to do what I do ; and for such purpose has opened the interior part of my soul, which is my spirit, so that I can see what is in the spiritual world, and those that are therein ; and this privilege has been now continued to me for *twenty-two years*.' Now this is the language of a man who has distinguished himself by the most remarkable works, written during these very years, and which render him worthy to be ranked with Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, La Place and Cuvier ; a man of stupendous attainments in every sphere of knowledge ; who solved with equal ease the problems of fluxions, of physiology, of anatomy, of chemistry, of metallurgy, of mechanics and finance ; but of the conditions of his mind we shall soon know, when the excellent and learned gentleman who has the work in hand shall give to us a translation of his celebrated diary.'

'Of what does your angelical doctor tell us in this stout quarto ?' asked Mrs. Smith.

'He has here treated,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'upon Love, in one hundred and sixty-eight articles ; he has devoted three hundred and fifty-eight articles on Angels, two hundred on the Soul, eighty-five on Demons, seventeen on Virginity, and a variety of such topics. In these he speaks of the substance, orders, offices, natures and habits of angels, as if he were himself an old experienced angel ; and demonstrates, by a severe chain of reasoning, that angels are incorporeal as compared with man, but corporeal as compared with God. Thomas was the father of the schoolmen, by whom was debated with the utmost gravity, all such questions as these : Whether CHRIST was not a Hermaphrodite ? whether the pious at the resurrection will rise with their bowels ? whether the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary in the shape of a serpent, of a dove, of a man, or of a woman ? Did he seem to be old or young ? In what dress was he ? Was his garment of white, or of two colors ? Was his linen clean or foul ? Did he appear in the morning, noon or evening ? What was the color of the Virgin Mary's hair ? Was she acquainted with the mechanic or liberal arts ? Had she a thorough knowledge of the 'Book of Sentences' and all it contains ? that is, of Peter Lombard's compilation from the works of the Fathers, written twelve hundred years after her death ! Whether, when, during her conception, the Virgin was sitting, Christ too was seated, and whether when she lay down, Christ also lay down ?'

'Are you not romancing ?' said Mrs. Smith, looking very earnestly into the face of the Gentleman in Black.'

Certainly not ; and to show you that the subject was by no means exhausted, here is the celebrated and rare folio, by a Spanish Jesuit, published at Salamanca so late as 1652, entitled '*the EMPYREOLOGIA*,' in which is described, with the greatest complacency, the joys of heaven ; and which, though strange enough, were surpassed by another Jesuit writer, who gives us yet more particular accounts, and positively assures us that men and women are to enjoy the supremest

pleasure in kissing each other in those blessed abodes ; where they will bathe in each other's presence, and for this purpose there will be the most agreeable baths, in which the Happy will swim like fishes ; that the angels will dress themselves in female habits, their hair curled, wearing petticoats and fardingales, and with the finest linen ; that men and women will amuse themselves in masquerades, feasts and balls ; women will sing more agreeably than men to heighten these entertainments, and at the resurrection will have more luxuriant tresses, ornamented with ribands and head-dresses, as in this life.*

'It seems to me,' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, 'impossible that such things could ever have been written, much less printed.'

'To me,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'these subjects do not seem quite so absurd as the grave dispute which occupied thousands of acutest schoolmen and logicians for more than a century, and which, after all the debate, was never resolved.'

'Pray, may I inquire what was the topic ?'

'It was this : 'When a hog is carried to market, with a rope tied about his neck, which is held at the one end by a man, whether, is the *hog* carried to the market by the *rope* or by the *man* ?''*

'What could have possessed men with such puerilities ?' said Mrs. Smith.

'It was the policy of Rome so to exhaust the activity of the human mind in speculations which kept it in full occupation, and left the power of the Papacy unharmed.'

'But where was the Bible all this while ? It seems to me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that such speculations as these could never have grown up under it's teachings.'

'The Bible !' exclaimed the Gentleman in Black ; 'oh ! that was what the Archy McSycophants of those days would have told you was an 'unparliamentary word.' The Bible was long after lying in the rubbish of the monasteries an unknown book.'

'And why was this ?'

It were a long story to tell you the strange fortunes of that book, which has oftentimes seemed all but lost to the world.† Its recent history is better known ; and of all its many versions, the most surprising was a Spanish translation by SEBASTIAN CASTILLON, in which he fancied he could give the world a more classical version, and for this purpose introduced phrases and sentences from profane writers into the text ; and not to be outdone by the Spanish version, PERE BURRUYER made a version, which he styled the '*Histoire du Peuple de Dieu*,' and conceiving the style of the Scriptures to be too barren, he has given us this improved version, of which I will read you a few passages.' So saying, the Gentleman in Black took the book down from the shelf, and turning to the life of Joseph, he read, to the astonishment of Mrs. Smith, as follows :

'Joseph combined with a regularity of features and a brilliant complexion an air of the noblest dignity, all of which rendered him

* D'ISRAËLI.

† See II Chronicles, chap. xxxiv.

one of the most amiable of men in Egypt.' . . . 'The wife of Potiphar at length declared her ardent passion, and pressed him for an answer. It never entered her head that the advances of a woman of her rank could ever be rejected. Joseph at first replied to all her wishes by his cold embarrassments. She would not give him up. In vain he flies from her; she was too passionate to waste the moments of his astonishment.'

'Enough!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, taking the book from the hand of the Gentleman in Black, and replacing it on the shelf; 'no more of such 'Elegant Extracts,' if you please!'

The Gentleman in Black laughed heartily at the movement.

'Thank heaven,' said Mrs. Smith, 'all this is French and Spanish! The English mind has never been guilty of such absurdities.'

'Are you so certain of it?' asked the Gentleman in Black; 'you can never have seen the Bible put into verse by a worthy Scotch divine, who seems to have determined not to be outdone by these worthy predecessors; for in it occurs the most remarkable of all Alexandrines the world has ever seen.'

'I'm sure,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I shall now be surprised at nothing you can tell me; but what was this Alexandrine?'

'Speaking of the refusal of Pharaoh to release the children of Israel, he says:

*'Now, Pharaoh, was he not a saucy rascal,
Who would not let the children of Israel, and their wives and little ones, with their flocks and their
herds, go up to eat the Paschal?'*

'I wonder who this man is!' thought Mrs. Smith, strangely mystified by the course which the conversation had taken. Now as the Gentleman in Black was not at all conscious of the state of mind he had created, he went on to say, in a quiet easy tone:

'It may seem surprising to you, my dear Madam, that with all these surprising absurdities in existence, and of which he must have been advised, so great a man as the Archbishop Tillotson had formed the design of an expurgated edition of the Bible, so that, had his purpose been completed, we should have had not only a family Shakspeare, but also a family Bible.'

'Pardon me, if I presume to say,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'that I too have thought a family Bible would be desirable, and I believe it has been attempted by Noah Webster, but I have never seen it.'

'That, Madam, must be a perilous labor which presumes to refine pure gold, or to add perfume to the violet; the hues of the sky, of the earth and the sea, are adapted to the eye because the same God made them all. And such are the Scriptures to the soul.'

'He certainly must be a divine!' thought Mrs. Smith. 'Is it then so faultless,' asked Mrs. Smith, 'that it can't be improved?'

'Certainly not; the text should be inviolable. The arrangement of the books as they now stand is most artificial and unfortunate; and it is a matter of surprise that this, which is the work of man, should still be retained, and that the labors of Lightfoot and Townsend find so few to appreciate them.'

'May I ask of what you speak? I have heard of neither.'

'I refer,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'to the *'arrangement of*

the Scriptures in their chronological order.' The books of the Bible were written, you know, at different periods, and the lyrics were penned at critical conjunctures of the history of David and Asaph and others during the captivity; the prophets were prophesying, and some of them at the same time in Babylon and at Jerusalem; now there is a thread of history in the historical books, upon which all these are susceptible of being strung, and which holds all together in their proper places; and this arrangement makes connected and plain what is now, for want of it, obscure to all but the few, by whom all these conditions of the two nations of Judah and Israel have been mastered, and the times of these lyrics and prophecies understood. To arrange these several distinct books, songs and prophecies, has been the work of years of toil, and has been recently perfected by George Townsend, whose Bible has been reprinted in this country, but as yet is known to but few of the many who value the Bible as the best of Books.'

'This gentleman,' thought Mrs. Smith, '*must be* a minister; but of what sect? I will certainly contrive to make him show his hand.'

S P R I N G .

FAREWELL to the frost and the snow !
The streams are beginning to flow ;
The forest is ringing,
The green grass is springing,
And softly the warm breezes blow ;
While sweet-scented flowers again
Are blooming on hill, dale and plain.

The thrush, on the evergreen hill,
Is tuning his musical trill ;
And, when eve is falling,
We hear, loudly calling,
The note of the wild whippoorwill ;
While the turtle, far down in the grove,
Is cooing all day to his love.

The Springtide of Life may thus seem
To pass in a Fairy-like dream ;
The woods are resounding,
The young blood is bounding,
And bright flows the murmuring stream :
Yet childhood can never prolong
This dream-land of flower and song !

While mirth then and music abound,
Oh ! plant thy seed deep in the ground !
The breezes and showers
Shall first bring thee flowers,
And soon the ripe fruit shall be found ;
Thus shalt thou have treasure in store,
When 'Springtide and Summer are o'er.

Burlington, Vermont.

JOHN H. RHEYN.

A PASTORALL LAMENTE,

OR

A LAMENTABLE PASTORALL:

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF HOPELESS, COOKLESS EXIGENCY,

BOTH OF MIND AND KITCHEN.

‘Say, Shepherds, have ye seen my Love?’

‘WHY heaves from my bosom the sigh?
Why fix’d is my gaze on the ground?’
MARY GAYNOR, thy days have gone by,
And there’s not a good cook to be found!

Erewhile, I could get a nice dinner,
Could give one beneath my own roof;
Now, lorn and disconsolate Sinner!
I keep from my best friends aloof.

PETER VAN is not oft to be had,
And my kitchen he leaves disarray’d;
So that short words, and grave looks, and sad,
Make me half, to propose him, afraid.

There’s another *Artiste* I might find:
His Science? ’t is vast as a wish —
I am not, by nature, unkind —
But I can’t tell his Mutton from Fish!

Oh MARY! choice MARY! The hours
Flower-footed have flown like the Light,
When, encompass’d with joy at thy powers,
Three faces on each side shone bright!

Three friends, on each side, and no more;
The delight of my youth at the head;
I sigh — I believe I have said so before —
When I think what a Table was spread!

Thy Côtelettes; thy Matelotes; thy Teal;
Thy Curries; thy Courses though few
How well served! how well timed! oh I feel
The remembrance as poignant as true!

CANOVA’s renown’d Danzatrice
Has the air that thy woodcocks erst wore,
Her arm sheds the soft grace with-which-they
Their bills, for their Skewers, then bore!

How they lay, in their glory, on toast!
How close their nice feet, and yet free!
When smiled on, as they were, by most —
I have thought that they smiled upon me!

Then thy STAR, o'er a Terrapin stew,
 How it rose to the Zenith of Fame!
 And thy soup — from the Testudo* too —
 What an odour it gave to the name!

Thy Blanc-manger — Cream from Fairy-land brought!
 Thy Jelly the Topaz outvied —
 Thy Pastry so feath'ry, so airy — we thought
 That the Vol-au-vent ought to be tied!

How thy Mocha approached at the last! —
 While I write these few lines in thy praise,
 A rich perfume it sheds o'er the past,
 More delightful, more precious, than bays.

'Oft heaves from my bosom the sigh,
 Oft fixed is my gaze on the ground,
 Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
 To banish my cares with the sound.'

JOHN WATERS.

CONJUGAL PIETY:

OR, THE MAN-LY MUSINGS OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I WAS deep in the intricacies of a bill in chancery. 'Your orator,' as usual all dulness and tautology, made a closing effort to redeem his character by the pious and pathetic promise that he 'would ever pray;' and every word of the Queen's English that could by any possibility be pressed into the service did duty on the occasion.

Absorbed in the pleasing task of estimating the result of my labor, and satisfied that if it had no other merit, it had the crowning one of 'lengthiness,' I was roused from my meditations by a violent rapping at the door. 'A new client!' thought I; and making a hasty snatch at my pigeon-hole, to bring around me a more imposing array of papers and red tape, I forwarded a loud emphatic 'Come in!' Writing as if pressed to death with my numerous avocations, I did not look up until my visitor stood before me. He was a tall, long-favored individual, dressed in a suit of solemn black, and so miserably 'emaciate,' that he could have had little knowledge of 'the ills that *flesh* is heir to,' except from the revelations of history. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, he seated himself, and looking round with a bland expression of countenance, remarked:

'Ah! hard at work! — and here are your tools in trade: 'Chitty's Pleadings,' 'Starkie on Evidence;' both valuable works; and

* THE Herpetological name for the Terrapin it may be proper to remark is the Testudo Reticulata.

medical jurisprudence, too ; many useful hints as to poisons there ! And as I live,' continued he, taking up a bundle of papers, 'here is the very cause in which I am a witness — Smith *versus* Brown ! How melancholy that two such extensive houses should be pitted against each other ! But such is the way of the world !' Shaking his head mournfully, and looking intensely virtuous, his soul seemed to soar away for a brief moment to more congenial regions ; till at length, as if suddenly recalled to the consciousness that he was still in the flesh, he tore himself down as it were, and resumed his connection with the material world.

'I have come to consult you, my dear Sir,' said he ; 'not exactly professionally, but as a man of genius and taste. You doubtless know of my recent misfortune ?'

I assured him I did not.

'You do not pretend to say you have never heard of Mrs. Biggs ?'

For a moment a falsehood trembled on my tongue ; but fearing that no casuistry, however acute, could convert it into justifiable tergiversation, I was unwillingly constrained to answer in the negative. He looked surprised, and even hurt ; and glancing at the crape upon his arm, he replied :

'Well, Sir, she was my wife ; and I believe I may say, for there is no impropriety in eulogizing the dead, that she was a superior, a *very* superior woman. Ah, my young friend !' — and he laid his hand upon my arm — 'it is a great thing to lose a companion !'

Not being able to gainsay the proposition, and unwilling to interrupt him, I contented myself with a tacit assent to the remark.

'My wife, Sir, the late Mrs. Biggs, had a pretty taste in literature, and was in the habit of employing her leisure hours with her pen. I was aware that she kept a diary, for I believe most people of true sensibility and feeling do ; but I supposed it a mere jotting down of family incidents and family expenses. Judge then of my surprise, when I found it a record of her thoughts and feelings on almost every subject ! The exalted opinion she entertained of our sex I confess surprised me. I had never suspected such dutiful and pious feeling ; on the contrary, I thought a slight vein of satire ran through her character ; but I did her injustice, (here his voice faltered,) and I am willing to acknowledge it. My present business is to ask you to look over these papers, and pass judgment upon them ; for it strikes me that something could be made out of them that would be worthy of her, and profitable and consoling to me.'

He then drew from his pocket a manuscript volume, and placing it in my hands, remarked : 'In a matter of this kind I distrust my own judgment ; and as I was undoubtedly the original from which she drew some of her most attractive pictures, there seems an indelicacy in my appearing in the affair.'

'I will comply with your request,' said I, 'with great pleasure ; but there is no counting upon the public taste. Should they appear to me meritorious, we can send them to a leading periodical, and if they are well received, we can hereafter give them to the world in even a more durable form.'

After considerable more conversation respecting the mental peculiarities of the 'departed Mrs. Biggs,' the bereaved husband left me; and I hastened at my first leisure to fulfil my promise. Perhaps my partiality may mislead me, but they strike me as evincing an uncommon acquaintance with men and things, and to be in no respect inferior to the writings of the late Lady Willoughby, except in beauty of composition. To that they lay no claim; but in genuine connubial tenderness, and appreciation of manly excellence, they cannot be surpassed. It is a common complaint with men of acute sensibilities, that they are not loved with that entire self-abandonment and fervor of soul which their feelings crave, and which their virtues deserve. 'Ungrateful woman!' they exclaim, 'we make a solemn tender of our persons and offer to maintain you during your natural lives; and what is our reward? In accepting us, they coldly refer us to their parents, instead of throwing themselves upon our necks, and sobbing forth their gratitude; and at our death, instead of self-immolation, they console themselves with their *'thirds.'* That such consummate selfishness should disgust sensible men, is not to be concealed or denied. Ah! had the late Mrs. Biggs been permitted to survive her dear partner, nothing, I am convinced, could have kept her from mounting the funeral pile.

The following extracts are selected almost at random, and out of a thousand others of similar import. They speak for themselves, and require no comment from me: but I envy not the feelings of that man who can peruse them without emotion, or who would be disposed to utter a severer censure than that passed upon a kindred spirit by a bereaved husband, that 'she *doted* where she should have only *loved.*'

I have now completed my task. With the public it rests whether these papers shall remain in their original obscurity, or whether they shall take their stand with the permanent literature of our country:

'PRAY, will you marry me, dear ALLY CROKER?'

'It is a common habit of the young and thoughtless of my own sex to speak of offers matrimonial with unbecoming levity and irreverence. That the lordly sex are immeasurably superior to us, has been decided a thousand times—they being the judges. It follows then, that when they solicit us to 'share their hand and heart,' the obligation is entirely on our side. This view of the case is particularly distasteful to women of a certain turn of mind, and they take their revenge by cruelty to their lovers. How much would they be mortified to know that the strongest feeling experienced by men under such circumstances, is that of *surprise!* For my part, I care not how lowly I am placed in the scale of existence, so I am but permitted an occasional rapt glimpse of such superior beings! And yet, humble as I am, I cannot help wishing that the gratifying physiological fact were more generally known, that in can-

nibal countries we are considered as yielding by far the choicest steaks.*

'But a truce to vaingloriousness. If I know myself, and I think I do, a proposal of marriage was always to me a solemn, a most solemn business. To think of a man, enough of himself *for* himself, one would think, standing perhaps six feet in his stockings, approaching *me* with his full, big heart beating and thumping away in his great manly bosom; picking me out of the whole world, and asking me to share his thoughts, his name, his money—absolutely, to reside with him! Oh! it is enough to make one's head spin round to suffocation! This is no fiction. Many a woman, overwhelmed with the magnitude of the proposal, has fainted from sheer joy on the spot. But let me look at it more in detail; and were I writing for the public, I should say, 'Dear female reader, let me describe to you your first offer of marriage.'

'You are as yet untaught in the ways of love, but you have your own notions of the moral sublimity of the act of one human heart's unveiling itself before another, and you long to witness it. A call is made upon you of a warm summer's morning: your lover has well conned his task, and is not afraid to deliver it in the face of the blessed sun. But adverse influences are at work: youthful brothers, affectionately interested in every thing that concerns their elders, pertinaciously persist in favoring you with their company. Finding that private signals are powerless to effect their absence, you invoke the paternal mandate. Flurried and excited, you scarcely understand a gasping sound which proceeds from your visitor: it is a wish for five minutes' private conversation. Leading the way to a more retired apartment, a thousand thoughts flash wildly through your brain. What can be his object? Is it to ask for your sign-manual to complete his collection of autographs? or has he seen your daguerreotype, and desires it for an impersonation of death by impalement? You glance at the countenance of your beau: 'Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,' and every pore on duty! He is seated: so far, so good. 'The plot thickens.' He twiddles his watch-key, fishes for his pocket-handkerchief, and is either 'a-cold,' or suddenly attacked by St. Vitus. He begins to break ground; voice husky, and not over melodious: 'First acquaintance;' 'indelible impression;' 'tried to forget;' 'could n't;' 'esteem;' 'warmer sentiment'—'*love*;' 'reciprocity of feeling;' 'congeniality of sentiment;' 'leave to hope'—'*income*;' 'little property'—'wish 't was more;' 'perfect bee for industry;' 'habits and disposition excellent.' 'Speak to father;' 'heart'—'hand'—'*altar*;' 'wish it was this minute;' 'patience! patience! come at last.' 'Heaven begun below!' etc., etc., etc.

'Embarrassed and anxious to put an end to the interview, you commit an irretrievable blunder. Horror of horrors! you said *Yes* instead of *No*!—and before you can undeceive him, a damp,

* WILKES, in his 'Exploring Expedition,' mentions the same fact.

purple hand seizes yours, and inflicts upon it a cruel squeeze—perhaps a— Nonsense!

‘DOMESTIC happiness,
Thou only bliss of Paradise that hast survived the fall!
Behold the picture; is it like? like whom?’—COWPER.

‘I CONFESS I have little patience with that class of writers, who, forever prating of the great benefits of ‘woman’s mission,’ seem to slight or overlook the superior importance of that of the sterner sex. Far be it from me to undervalue the ceaseless cares and labors of maternal love; but do we owe nothing to a father’s affection? When the wailing cries of his helpless offspring ‘pierce the dull ear of night,’ who is it that turns out in picturesque costume, indifferent to cold or becomingness, and parading the room in majestic sadness, relieves his surcharged feelings by seraphic melody, whistling and trotting? And when, faltering from such continuous marching and counter-marching, and piqued that his impersonation of a wandering Apollo is so coolly received, he softly seats himself upon the edge of a chair; yet all the parent is busy at his heart; and as his practised ear detects the symptoms of a renewed outbreak, he only shoulders his burden with fresh courage, and again trolls forth a favorite lay. I blush for the selfishness of my sex, when I affirm, that no woman would so act under the like circumstances; and indeed nothing but one raised above the weakness of personal vanity could be capable of such heroic sacrifices, such entire abnegation of self. Nor do his labors end here. When sickness invades their mortal frames, it is his hand that holds the nose and forces down the remedy. And as years roll on, and unlovely traits develop themselves, it is his part to ‘lay down the law,’ and to entrap the offender. It may be a mournful satisfaction to kiss an erring son, but it is a far higher privilege and duty to whip him. He it is, too, as they gather around the social fireside, who poses them in arithmetic; and as they stumble in their scrambling ascent up the hill of science, treats them to a free and familiar exposition on the doctrine of stupidity, coupled with the candid admission, that their room would be as agreeable as their company.

‘It is these ‘unbought graces,’ these self-denying acts, which he does instinctively, and without asking for any tangible reward, that constitute the charm of man. It is not his exalted intellect, his ‘deeds of high emprise,’ which win our hearts; but it is that true greatness of soul, by which, overlooking the vast discrepancy which exists in our mutual conditions, he stoops from the elevated atmosphere in which he habitually moves, to accommodate himself to our little feelings and little pursuits.

‘SLEEP, image of thy father! sleep, my boy!’—CAMPBELL.

‘THE world teems with histories of generous and praiseworthy deeds; but I know of no more touching an instance of parental piety than that recorded of a certain husband and father, who never

doffed 'hose and doublet,' and adjusted himself in his nightly couch, without leaving unenshrined one faithful foot, to rock the cradle of sleeping infancy. The moralist possibly may aver that it was but retributive justice that that particular portion of his mortal frame should suffer which had doubtless often led its owner from the paths of rectitude; still, he who could deliberately, and for the sake of another, and that other a mere wife, expose an uncomplaining member to the risk of rheumatism, or of being frost-bitten, is worthy of the palmiest days of English chivalry, and may well be entitled to the epithet of 'a second BAYARD.'

'I can scarcely conceive a finer subject for the pencil; for in addition to its being highly poetical as a composition, it could not fail to excite an immense moral influence upon the heart.'

'Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is APOLLO's lute.'

A YOUTHFUL friend dilated with much enthusiasm upon her last night's serenade. I smiled pityingly upon her, and would not excite her envy by telling her that many of her married sisters are favored by their liege lords with a nightly solo, similar in character to the trombone, with a little dash of the serpent. Ah! there is no wind-instrument like that of nature's own creating, and no music like that produced by human organs!

'THINK of the transport of that youthful bride
When first it breaks upon her raptured soul
That she 's secured a melodist for life!
First, 'tis a gentle puff, a slight preliminary sound
To the grand charge into the Land of Nod.
Stop him who can! Can these be earthly notes?
Heaven's artillery is 'beat, at its own weapons!'

'AND this, ye youthful belles!
This is the end of all your toils and cares!
For this you 've danced — for this you 've sung;
This is that 'sweet companionship'
That poets sing of, 'making night hideous!'
But I forbear, nor yet with hand profane
'Lay bare the secrets of the prison-house!'

S T A N Z A S : T O A L A D Y .

Not as a lover loveth, love I thee,
Thou soul of all that's fair in woman; yet
Where'er thy presence is, there 's joy to me,
And absence leaves my life one long regret.
I loved thee ere I knew thee, for youth must love,
And life's first exstasy we ne'er forget;
But manhood knows a passion far above
The brightest dream young Fancy can beget.
We wake from sleep: its glories all depart,
And crownéd Mind dethrones usurping Heart;
Sole monarch then, Mind seeks a royal mate,
To share, to comfort, to confirm its state.
So I awoke, sought, wearied, till in thee
I found the kindred spirit meet for me.

THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

'I WOULD leave enshrined
Something immortal of my heart and mind,
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
Of lost affection; something that may prove
What she hath been, whose strong maternal love
On thee was lavished; silent pang and tear,
And fervent hope, that gushed when none were near.'

It was an eve of summer. The broad sun
Had poured his last beam on the slanting hills,
And in the vales the panting flowers looked up,
Asking the Twilight's presence. Soft she came,
Bearing her chalice of refreshing dew,
And like a nurse, flinging with gentle hand
Her misty mantle o'er them, bathed each leaf,
And bade the fitful and inconstant breeze
Fan with its cooling wing the languid rose,
And lull the infant blossoms to their dreams.

And at this hour a youthful mother sat
Beside the open casement, but her eye
Looked not on nature's freshened loveliness.
She recked not of the gathering twilight's haze,
Nor how the stars were coming out in heaven;
Her heart was all too sad, for at her side,
The one fair child who cheered her hearth and home,
With face averted stood, and eyes that drooped
Beneath her glance, and told in broken words
The story of his grief.

The boy had sinned:
It boots not how, nor wherefore; but his soul
Was burdened with the memory of his fault.
A cloud was on his spirit's happy light,
And ere he sought his pillow, he had come
To breathe it sadly in his mother's ear.
With circling arm she pressed him, and her voice
Was low, yet earnest, as she spoke of One
Who cannot look upon iniquity:
Bade him remember how each sinful deed
In heaven is writ, by angels, and knelt down
In the dim star-light with her erring child,
And prayed with all a mother's pleading love,
That God would pardon him.

Time passed away,
And the boy's faithful monitor was gone.
Her voice no longer summoned him from sleep,
When the warm sun-light broke upon the hills;
No more upon his brow her soft hand lay,
When evening lured him to his pleasant couch:

There was no gentle smile to welcome him ;
No questioning of all his daily tasks ;
No morning salutation, nor the kiss
That pressed his cheek so lovingly, what time
He came to whisper her his fond 'good night.'
There was a new-made grave beside the church,
And she was resting from earth's weariness.

Months wore apace, and that grief-stricken boy
Found comfort only where his mother slept.
Thither at morn he went, when the pure dew
Lay on the grassy mound, and the white rose,
That he had planted when the spring was new,
Looked fresh and beautiful. There would he sit
And talk to her whose ear was strangely closed,
And tell her of his loneliness, and pray
That she but once would come to him, but *once*,
And whisper that in heaven she loved him still !

Years faded silently, and the boy grew
To early manhood ; but a change had come
O'er the young spirit : at the flower's red heart
Revelled the worm that preyed upon its bloom.
His home was far away from that low mound
In the green church-yard, and he had forgot
In part the lessons of his infancy.
Evil had been his converse with the world,
And on his soul its foul pollution lay.
One whom he trusted with a brother's love
Had counselled him to do a daring deed ;
Said ' 't was a thing of nought,' a few brief lines
Traced hastily, that would bring gold for each :
And he had hushed the ' still small voice' within,
And nerved him to the act.

A moment more,
His hand lay tremulous upon the scroll,
When, lo ! 'an angel stayed him !' Suddenly,
As by some mighty spell, his restless eye
Glanced upward, and his mother's pensive face
Looked on him from the canvass !

'T was the same
That bent above his couch long years ago :
The same mild eye, with its deep, serious gaze,
Meeting his own so pleadingly. No voice
Came from those silent lips ; and yet they spoke
With an archangel's eloquence : 'My son,
God's eye is ever on thee !'—that was all :
The same low, thrilling words, so tenderly
Breathed in his ear when as a child he sinned ;
Fresh o'er his heart his mother's lessons came,
As when at first she spake them, and he flung
The fearful record of his crime away,
And kneeling there in humble penitence,
He prayed in very bitterness of soul
His mother's gentle spirit still might be
The guardian angel that should lead him on
Through the dim mazes of his future way.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FARMER'S DICTIONARY: A VOCABULARY OF THE TECHNICAL TERMS recently introduced into AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE, from various Sciences, etc., with a Compendium of Practical Farming; taken from the most distinguished European and American Authors. Edited by D. P. GARDNER, M. D. pp. 876. With numerous Illustrations. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

EVERY art or science must of necessity contain a number of specific or technical words which designate implements, processes, theoretical generalization, or in short convey to the instructed an assemblage of ideas. Such terms are universally admitted by the masters of the art, and are comprehensive symbols awakening the same associations, and perfectly intelligible. They are not merely words of general import, common to every form of writing, but specific terms conveying a fund of information. Consider such expressions as *Atom Archæus*, *Eremacausis*, or technical phrases, as 'Infallibility of the Church;' how far is the mind conveyed amidst theories and speculations by these centres or nuclei of ideas? By an understanding and practice among men, such terms become instruments of power and condensation; disquisitions, otherwise of interminable verbosity, are condensed into a short compass; and laws expressing concatenations of phenomena have the brevity of a precept. To dispense with such symbols would be to introduce confusion into the realms of knowledge; to withdraw the light of science, and again cast all ideas into primeval chaos. By what means such specific terms have met with universal concurrence, is a remote investigation; they are without question the growth of ages; they betray the intellectual toil of millions; and are to succeeding times the true legacy of preceding minds. Perhaps no history of the acceptance of a system of technical words is so complete as in the case of chemistry, and certainly no system has been so useful in methodizing and advancing science. When the indefinite nature of chemistry before the time of LAVOISIER is considered, and its present conciseness and transparency, we are at a loss to conceive that all this is the result of mere nomenclature. In one short report before the Institute of France, a science of marvellous perspicacity in its language, of profound research, and already crowded with mature theories, was created from a medley of jargon and speculations. The obscure, by the magic of a system, became luminous; the superstitions of empirics furnished facts to the philosopher. The science which in our day is unrivalled in definite terms was the centre of confusion, before a specific phraseology was invented. For camomel thirty-three words were used, while copper, sulphur and others were known by upward of twenty each. Hence it became impossible, in discoveries, for the author to know whether they were new or already known; and as no system of nomenclature existed, every student

gave the name to the product that pleased his fancy. This, in a science of objects rather than ideas, leads to unutterable confusion, and could be rectified only by the means adopted. A committee of the Institute of France was formed to report a remedy; a system of nomenclature, serving retrospectively as well as for the future. The report being adopted, measures were taken to secure the concurrence of every scientific body, and this being readily attained, in a short time every thing became intelligible and simple, instead of ambiguous and complicated. The effects of this remedy were instantly perceptible. Students understood each other; a new fact became the stepping-stone to another; a capital discovery opened the door to new investigations. From the character of a gloomy converser with occult powers, and vexing night with forbidden orgies and incantations, the chemist became a man of day, intelligible to men; the benefactor of his race, and not a minion of darkness, in league with infernal spirits. And the magic of this change lay in the introduction of a nomenclature.

What is the condition of agriculture in this respect? Each village has its phraseology, opaque to every other. Facts of deep interest to practice lie hidden in unknown hieroglyphics; decisions of the highest value, in questions put by numbers of men almost daily, are recorded in the dialect of a township. One discourses of the 'heels' of animals, and is understood to allude to their horns. Every thing is indefinite; plants, manures, implements of tillage, theoretical expressions, are all without appropriate symbols. 'Scarifiers,' 'grubbers,' 'cultivators,' 'horse-hoes,' are mutually jumbled together; and every soil in the earth is compendiously described under the euphonious term of 'loom.' Farmers draw something from many arts and sciences; and not content with the technics of these, indulge their fancy in the invention of new words, so that for one sign, understood by every chemist in the world, they create ten thousand, each one unintelligible beyond the limits of a village. Hence their outcries against 'book-farming,' which cannot be understood, on the one hand, and the jargon of practical men on the other. It is very certain that until definite terms are employed, the experience of the farmer is useless to his neighbor, because his language is unknown; and that no great improvement in agriculture can be hoped, until all are content to receive the specific words already established in the arts, from which their facts are obtained, rather than the provincialism of the county. The technical terms proper to agriculture should also be established by some central bodies, such as the large societies of this state. In the 'Dictionary' named at the head of this article, the preceding ideas appear to be carried out in a very admirable manner. Let us hope that this subject may attract the attention of our agricultural societies, and that our farmers, having so cheap and compendious a work placed within their reach, will at once adopt the improvement we have ventured to suggest of using the well-known words of science and art, instead of vague expressions. In the Dictionary we find against each plant its botanical name in italics; now if agricultural writers would adopt the plan, when treating of new products, or weeds, of introducing the scientific name in a parenthesis, every one who did not know the local name would discover the plant indicated. The 'Farmers' Dictionary' is also a work of real value to the practical man, in consequence of the account it gives of every crop susceptible of cultivation in our country. Many of these we have never before seen described. The present is the first work ever published for the purpose of explaining technical words to the farmer, and we know of no book which can be of more utility to the community, or which is destined to do more service in giving to agriculture an intelligible nomenclature.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW. Volume Sixty-One, Number One hundred and Thirty-One, for the April quarter. pp. 528. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THERE are nine articles in the present number of the 'North-American,' entitled as follows: 'WALPOLE'S Memoirs and CAVENDISH'S Debates;' 'Saint LOUIS of France;' CARY'S 'Dante;' 'The American Fisheries;' CARLYLE'S 'Letters of Cromwell;' PERDICARI'S 'Greece of the Greeks;' O'CALLAGHAN'S 'History of the New-Netherlands;' 'Explanations of the 'Vestiges of Creation;' and LESTER'S 'Translations from the Italian.' Of these papers we have only found leisure to read attentively those on CARLYLE'S 'CROMWELL,' and Saint LOUIS of France. The last-named article is an excellent one. It is very comprehensive and clear in its grouping of historical facts, and its style is truly admirable. We select a closing passage to illustrate the justice of our encomium:

'ON the sixteenth of March, 1270, he left Paris for the sea-shore; on the first of July he sailed from France. The sad, sad story of this his last earthly doing need not be here repeated. Led, we scarce know why, to sail to Tunis; without wishing it, involved in an unjust and useless war with the Moors; delayed by the tardiness of his able but abominable brother, Charles of Anjou; and seeing daily his army melt away beneath the heat of the climate, thirst, hunger, pestilence, and the Moorish arrows; it was but too certain that the last of the crusaders was drawing near his end. From his resting-place, the castle of Carthage, Louis could look out upon the burning sands of the shore, the molten sea, the sky of burnished brass; he could watch the southern winds sweep the sharp dust of the desert into the camp of his followers; could behold the African horsemen hovering around his devoted troops, destroying every straggler. Leaning with his thin, feeble hands upon the battlements, he looked toward the bay where floated the ship in which his favorite son lay sick, stricken by the plague which was consuming so many; which even then had fastened upon the king's own blood. With tearful, anxious, yet patient and confiding eyes, he watched the vessel just moving in the roll of the bay under that August sun, and prayed to God and Jesus that his son might live, and his brother quickly come. His prayer was not granted; on the third of August the Count of Nevers died; on the eleventh, his death was told to his father; on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the fleet of Charles of Anjou had not yet appeared. Meanwhile the poison in the veins of the monarch had through twenty-one days been working, and none yet knew whether he would live or die. From his sick-bed he had sent messages of comfort and resignation to the sick around him; on his bed of weakness and pain he had finished those advices to his successor which should be engraved in adamant, and given to every king and king's son to grow better by. 'Hold to justice,' such are some of his words; 'be inflexible and true, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, and sustain the cause of the poor until justice be done him. If any one has to do with thee, be for him and against thyself. Beware of beginning war, . . . and if it be begun, spare the Church and the innocent. Appease all quarrels that thou canst. Procure good officers, and see that they do their duty. Keep thy expenses within bounds.'

'So passed the closing hours of the French king. During the night of the twenty-fourth of August, he asked to be taken from his bed, and laid, unworthy sinner that he was, on a bed of ashes. His request was complied with; and so he lay, his hands crossed, his eyes fixed upon the suffering form of his SAVIOUR, until some three hours after the next midday. Those who sat by, and saw how breath failed him, drew the curtains of the window to admit the slight breeze that curled the waters of the bay, and looked out, carelessly, into the August afternoon. Afar off, a fleet was just coming in sight, the long-expected fleet of Anjou. With beating hearts they knelt and told the royal invalid on his couch of ashes; but his ear was deaf, his eye lifeless, his jaw fallen! Make ready your spices to embalm his body, poor, threadbare garment that it is! and issue your bulls to embalm his memory as a saint; for as such already his name is aromatic in the mouths of men.'

The reviewer of CARLYLE'S 'Letters and Speeches of CROMWELL' remarks, with truth, that the great reason why CARLYLE is welcomed so generally in this country, even by those who 'dislike his style, and do not admire his ways of thinking, is, that he manifests a strong friendship for his race; though it is a friendship of that kind which implies no confidence in them, and is shown in the easy and pleasant way of contempt for things existing, without proposing for their welfare any measures or improvements of his own. This distinction, however, he will not be able to keep; the sceptre is already passing into a thousand other unclean and scrambling hands. For, now, not only the moralist by profession, but the man of letters; the small poet who wants a market for his unsaleable wares; ay, and the peddling writer of fiction, whose cheap literature is likely to cost much to the rising generation; have disco-

vered that the tone of humanity suits the public taste ; and, as the language is easily assumed, the demand will soon have a full supply, so that there is some danger of the miller being drowned by the over-abundance of the stream.' In the notice of Mr. C. EDWARDS LESTER's 'Translations from the Italian,' the reviewer has a word or two to say upon dedications, the justice of which we think we established in our last number. Instead of inscriptions briefly significant of respect or affection, they are not unfrequently 'artificial, ostentatious, sometimes insincere, and often grossly selfish ;' we may add, too, that they are many times employed by minor authors to indicate a repute with the distinguished person to whom their book may be dedicated, which is far from being established. The 'North-American' still commends itself to the respect and patronage of the American people by its internal and external attractions.

THE OLD CONTINENTAL; OR THE PRICE OF LIBERTY. By the author of 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' etc. Two volumes in One. pp. 383. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

WE know of no other work of our patriotic countryman, PAULDING, that has pleased us so well as this. The style is simple, easy, and natural ; and the incidents—many of which are full of interest, and some of them very exciting—if not strictly historical, are such as one plainly sees might actually have occurred ; while the pictures of primitive American life and character are drawn with such evident faithfulness, that we are at once transported back to the 'times that tried men's souls.' The author, in a brief and modest preface, tells us that his work 'makes no pretensions to the dignity of a historical romance ; his design being merely to convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the spirit, the sufferings, and the sacrifices of a class of people who are seldom if ever individualized in history, yet who always bear the brunt of war and invasion. His hero, however, once actually existed, and exhibited in his youth many of the qualities which are ascribed to him. 'Some of the adventures detailed were well remembered by the old people of the neighborhood, few if any of whom are now living. Others took place in different parts of the country, at various times ; and the whole,' he adds, 'may suffice to give at least a faint picture of the price paid by our fathers and mothers for the freedom we enjoy. The value of the blessing may in some measure be estimated by the sacrifices by which it was obtained.' The tale was substantially written, Mr. PAULDING tells us, several years ago ; and the author, 'after keeping it more than the period prescribed by HORACE, has here given it a last revision.' We had marked several passages descriptive of old-time manners and customs, as set forth in the sketches of the lovely heroine, JANE, and her family, together with one or two stirring hair-breadth escapes of the true-American hero ; but the demand upon the pages of our present number compels us to forego the pleasure of their insertion at this time. There are, however, so many valuable lessons inculcated in the work, that Memory will doubtless often prompt the future occasion for incidental reference to its pages. The new and enterprising house to whom we are indebted for the publication of the work, have taken praiseworthy care that its external excellence should be in good keeping with its internal merits. We take pleasure always in commending good paper and nice printing ; especially when they indicate a decadence of the 'cheap and nasty' publications, in which dingy paper and worn-out types are appropriately employed to scatter broad-cast a ragged and worthless literature.

NARRATIVES OF REMARKABLE CRIMINAL TRIALS. Translated from the German of ANSELM RITTER VON FEUERBACH, by Lady DUFF GORDON. In one volume. pp. 339. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a very remarkable and a remarkably entertaining volume. The trials which it contains are selected and abridged from a work consisting of thirteen hundred closely-printed pages. FEUERBACH, the author, was celebrated as a judge, a legislator, and a writer. He was for many years president of the highest criminal court of Bavaria, and the penal code of that country was chiefly framed by him. His exposition of criminal law is a text-book for the whole of Germany, where the work now before us, which was the last he wrote, excited great attention. He was for ten years President of the Central Criminal Court of a province of the Bavarian empire, containing several towns, and inhabited by half a million of souls, differing in faith. In the exercise of his judicial functions, many remarkable cases were brought before him, and ample opportunity was afforded him for the exercise of his extraordinary power of penetrating the recesses of the human heart, and of divining the secret motives of human action. The system of the author is well described in the preface of the work. A very long time was often employed in a minute and searching investigation into the secret motives and inmost feelings, as well as the external actions of the criminal; a prolixity and deliberation which the English editor thinks should not be condemned by those who remember that no fewer than six persons were in one year convicted of capital crimes at the Old Bailey, and left for execution, who were proved to be innocent, and saved by the zeal and activity of the sheriff. The volume is replete with deep interest, and we risk nothing in commending it to the favorable regards of our readers.

TYPEE: A RESIDENCE IN THE MARQUESAS. By HERMAN MELVILLE. In two volumes. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE had perused this very entertaining work with a great deal of pleasure, from the easy, gossiping style of the author, and his constant and infectious *bonhomie*. We must needs admit, however, that we were frequently struck while reading it with the idea that the writer was occasionally romancing. In this impression we are confirmed by the capable critic of the 'Courier and Enquirer' daily journal, who says of the work: 'It is written in an exceedingly racy and readable style, and abounds in anecdote and narrative of unusual interest. We should not express our candid opinion, however, did we omit to say that in our judgment, in all essential respects, it is a *fiction*; a piece of Munchausenism from beginning to end. It may be that the author visited and spent some time in the Marquesas Islands; and there may be foundation for some portions of the narrative. But we have not the slightest confidence in any of the details, while many of the incidents narrated are utterly incredible. We might cite numberless instances of this monstrous exaggeration; but no one can read a dozen pages of the book without detecting them. This would be a matter to be excused if the book were not put forth as a simple record of actual experience. It professes to give nothing but what the author actually saw and heard; it must therefore be judged, not as a romance or a poem, but as a book of travels, as a statement of facts; and in this light it has, in our judgment, no merit whatever.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A VOICE FROM THE STEAMER 'SWALLOW.' — We say '*a voice* from the Swallow'—although it is just one year this evening since that ill-fated vessel sank down a 'night-foundered wreck' — because the author of the following sketch, in recording at our request what he has just related to us, will seem to the reader, as he has to us, to be *speaking* from amidst the stormy waves, the groans of distress and shrieks of agony, which stamped forever the incidents of that dreadful night upon his memory: 'The 'Swallow' left Albany at six o'clock P. M., on the seventh of April, 1845, and in about two hours after, while swiftly skimming on her course, struck with a terrible crash upon a rock, near the town of Athens, some forty miles below. The shock was so great that strong men were thrown violently upon the decks; and as the vessel careened, it was discovered that she had broken in halves, and was sinking. The lights in the cabins went out; the night was dark and fearful, and all was black! Women fell fainting upon the floor; cries came up from below that the boat was filling; and for a moment, all was hushed. Suddenly, fierce flames of burning gas shot out from the hissing furnaces, as the water rushed in, and danced wildly upon the deck; and as they leaped up and pierced the storm-clouds that enveloped the ill-fated steamer, the dreadful cry of 'Fire!' 'fire!' spread through the vessel, and the stoutest hearts quailed with fear. 'T was a *terrible* scene! Husbands sought their wives; frantic mothers caught up their babes, and in their frenzy plunged overboard and disappeared in the dark and gurgling water. So rapidly did the steamer settle, that before I could pass from my state-room to the lower cabin, the latter was entirely filled. A command was given by the captain for all to rush forward; but as confusion and despair reigned throughout the vessel, this order was not distinctly heard; and before the women, who had swooned away, could all be carried up and forward, the waters, like a swollen creek, were sweeping over the main-deck, and many with their offspring clasped to their bosoms, were engulfed, and in that sacred embrace were borne to heaven! As the affrighted crowd rushed for the steps, pressing through water now nearly up to their arm-pits, some holding young children above their heads, others bearing their wives and sisters, and all calling upon the ALMIGHTY to save them, the scene was fearful indeed.

'Escaping thence, I went abaft, upon the upper or 'promenade-deck;' but so fast had the boat filled, that by the time I reached the ladies' saloon the water was ankle-deep; and in it stood men and women quivering with fear, and made helpless by the threatening dangers around them. Hurrying aft, through the water, which was

becoming deeper and deeper, I soon gained the open deck, where a few minutes before I had left some fifteen persons, only one of whom was now to be seen; the rest had been washed overboard! The survivor stood in the water up to his waist, holding a small stool, and staring wildly around like a maniac. He evidently feared that an attempt would be made to wrest the stool from him, and perhaps with good reason; so turning around in the water, and exclaiming 'There is danger here!' he sprang overboard. Fortunately, he went over the side nearest the shore, and soon reached it. A noble fellow was he, who rendered much service afterward, in resuscitating the drowning.

'The night, as I have said, was wild and boisterous. The fire was now entirely quenched, and all was darkness. As I realized my desolate condition, and found the rushing current had closed the passage forward, and felt that there was danger of being submerged by the settling of the 'hurricane-deck' upon me, I forced my way through the water to the side of the vessel, and getting upon the rail, remained a few seconds; when a lurch of the sinking wreck caused me to quit my hold, and I was forced to leap into the river. As I came up to the surface, I indistinctly saw two persons, farther forward from where I went over, clinging to the edge of the roof. They were the parents of an interesting boy who had just perished. I will not attempt to describe the thrilling incidents of that terrible night, while I was struggling with the drowning wretches around me. How long will it be before the anguish of the relatives and friends of the loved ones who were entombed in the dark and angry waters of the Hudson will be assuaged!' . . . 'The 'Swallow' had a large number of passengers on board; and although statements have appeared in the public journals, that many of the survivors were governed on that occasion by unmanly fear, it is to be regretted that the confusion which then prevailed prevented witnesses from learning the names of several noble spirits, who, bravely risking their own, saved many precious lives. For the credit of those gentlemen who after the disaster, and when comfortably seated in the cabin of another steamer, passed a certain 'set of resolutions,' it is to be hoped that they were not aware that while doing so several of their fellow-passengers were being warmed to life by the kind offices of strangers at Athens, after having been for half an hour in the storm-chilled water. It would have been better had they waited, and assisted in that duty. I must not omit to record one of the noblest deeds performed on that occasion, by Mr. JAMES A. HICKS, of Detroit, who supported with his good strong arm, and the aid of a settee, a young lady, who was travelling under his charge. He swam with her for about twenty-five minutes, when both, nearly exhausted, were picked up by a small boat. This public statement will cause that brave man to blush, for modesty and bravery go hand in hand.' . . . 'It is a fearful thing to be compelled to leap overboard from a sinking vessel, among drowning persons, to save one's own life; and although I would attribute the preservation of my own to an 'ARM mighty to save,' I am yet free to assert, that had the 'Swallow' been provided with life-boats, many who were then lost would now be among the living. This is a subject that our law-makers should thoroughly investigate; and after passing severe but sound laws, they should see that they are faithfully enforced. There is not a legislator in the land, who, had he heard on that dreadful night the shrieks of the drowning, which are even now ringing in the ears of many, would postpone for a single day the performance of this almost imperative duty. The relatives of the departed dead pray for it; the pure spirit of a loved one now in heaven calls for it; the deep grief of an affianced hus-

band demands it; and she who looks up through gushing tears, and sees the bright spirit of her angel-boy, pleads with the melting eloquence of a mother's love for legislation, speedy and effective, on this important subject.' . . . Thus far our correspondent, J. T. HINSDALE, Esq. Since the stirring narrative above recorded was placed in type, the pilot of the ill-fated 'Swallow' has been tried by a jury of his country, and acquitted 'in all and singular' of the charges of carelessness and recklessness which had been brought against him. Moreover, 'No blame can be attached to the captain!' The 'Swallow' ran upon a rock, broke her back, and sunk herself!

'OLD TIMES AND NEW.' — MESSRS. JULIUS SCHNAP and HANS VAN GARRETSON have sent us '*Old Times and New, or a few Raps over the Knuckles of the Present Age*,' in which are several noteworthy passages, well worthy of perusal by every true KNICKERBOCKER. There is a little tendency to over-illustration, and the 'composition,' to adopt the artist's term, is too often crowded; nevertheless, a spirit of effective satire and undeniable truth pervades the whole. HANS is a veritable Dutchman, who looks upon the desecrations of the sacred edifices belonging to his fathers with as much sorrowing indignation as a late correspondent of this Magazine, who, it will be remembered, enlarged with eloquent unction upon the same general theme. Listen to him for a moment: 'Gable-ends, where are ye? All gone? Where the tiled roof that the sun delighted to shine upon? Where the massive stones that creation designed for Dutch cottages? Where thy up-stairs sort of fronts, that faced the street as obstinately as if they intended to settle down till Time had written on the last leaf of Nature's book, 'Finis?' Where thy dames and lassies, spread out with some thousand kerseys, that filled up so interestingly your doors? Where those red-faced buxom dames, one of whose smiles to a disconsolate fellow was worth a sea-full of patent lotions? And a kiss! Beyond disputation, that was a mortal earthquake, that made one shake and shiver as a withering fall leaf. All gone! Not one to commemorate the renowned government of the fatherland; hied to the dust, with the mortality of those who reared them.' HANS enlarges with much fervor upon the desecration of the Old Dutch Church in Nassau-street. Its pulpit had been preached away, together with the old cushioned and curtained pew, for the mayor and corporation; and now it is turned to secular uses:

'This church is the only remnant of by-gone civilization standing to commemorate the days of Dutch ancestry, yet so transformed, disguised, befogged and barbarized with paint, Venetian corridors and gilt sign-boards, that it would puzzle a college of architects to divine whether it has been a church, or, is a den of thieves. History and recollection tell us it was once a church. Enemies defiled it for the scandalous purpose of a riding-school; enemies barbarized it into a foul prison for the sons of liberty; but it remained for friends, for 'flesh and blood' to transpire it into a post-office. Go, read its gilded signs! You'll find it devoted to a thousand purposes, modernized into a political rendezvous for all parties, as they successively change, which they do like a man saddled with an intermittent fever. I remember it in its last days. The scenes of boyhood were there passed. How well impressed on my memory are the throngs of sturdy Hollanders as they moved within the walls of a Sunday! Well do I remember their good old Sunday looks, and clothes to match, that defied scandal, and almost defied them. Now we have a new world, as it were; a sort of upper-crust generation of divinities, who have no more regard for the days that were, than though those days ne'er had been; who never think of looking back upon old friends, seasons, buildings, lest, like Lot's wife, they should be transformed to something they would dread. Every thing now a-days is for show; old things are hated, old men and women are stood in a corner.'

HANS repels the sneers of the losel Yankees at the Hollander's lack of invention. He says: 'Dutchmen never *invented* any thing, because they *had* every thing. Contentment is a chest of tools. Ten miles square was a big world to them, and they

had as soon leave for the 'far country' as go beyond the boundary line; but as soon as steam was discovered, grandmother Nature took a jump; the old generation of bandy-legged Dutchmen were left behind; and she is still on a full gallop, never to stop this side of sun-down.' The Dutch 'power of face' and gesture, he contends, was also preëminent. The shake of a genuine KNICKERBOCKER head 'expressed as much as a dictionary spread out into an oration. There was something terrific about it; something that bade you look out and prepare for the worst. Beside, there were numerous ways of shaking the head: one meant good humor and cheerfulness; another an emphatic 'yes' or 'no'; another 'Old boy, I know you'; and the latter was as significant to a sinner as the rattling of a ghost's bones at midnight in a grave-yard.' The valiant defender of Dutchmen is 'down upon' our City Council, so different from the Burgomasters and Schepens of the olden time. Hear him, how he rails at our worshipful corporation: 'By their works a man must judge them, and what do they perform? Pass a book full of ordinances, and print them. Meet once a week as an exclusive tea-party, and run the poor tax-ables over head and ears in debt, and charge their sins to the 'Croton' or the 'Streets.' Condensed facts, these, mayhap! HANS' argument against capital punishment is characteristic: 'The excuse for hanging is, that the warranty of Scripture admits it; for Scripture saith, 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Then these hangmen do not conform to the spirit or the law; for in hanging, no blood is shed; and it might as safely for the purpose read, 'Whosoever hangeth man, by man also shall he be hung;' but the rope would go round the neck of the community in that case, and of course Scripture does not mean that.' But we must take our leave of HANS with a single additional extract; the theme of which has naturally been suggested by sad reflections upon the good old fathers who once held sway over all the dominions of Gotham:

'DEATH is king absolute. He reigns over all mortality. He is my subject, and I am his. He is even now living among men, and dead in the grave. He is the justice that consigns us all as prisoners to the tomb. He commands; the universe obeys. His subalterns and menials are disease and pestilence. He is the world's field-marshal, and to his dominions he invokes the world; the recruiting-officer of the grave, whose legions are never full. At the tap of his drum, we must prepare to obey orders and march Indian-file hence; no rest this side of the tomb. There is the grand halt of life. We lie upon our arms the night through, and at the eternal morning wait farther orders. He sometimes warns; at times threatens with sickness and disease; sometimes dreadfully alarms by most marvellous escapes. This he does to caution the heedless to remember that they are but dust, and that he is the north wind to sweep them out of the pathway of the earth. His sword is raised: thousands of victims fall; he lets fall his arm—and the plague is stayed. He is a friend to the poor and the miserable; he brings them the white flag of peace, and carries the wicked hence from their troubling, and the poor are taken from the evil to come. To the rich he is a most unwelcome visitor; but, despising form and fashion, he sallies into his chamber with the familiarity of a friend, and takes him away from his lands and his wealth.' 'The tongue of scandal ceases its clatter in his kingdom; there no voice is heard, not a whisper, not a breath. The servant is free from his master, and the victim from the pursuer; friends are parted in dust only; the spirits have before sought out the way to the city of refuge. The grave is the mere hollow made by the taking man out of the dust; prophecy is fulfilled when it closes by receiving the ancient deposit. Dust to dust, is a memento song of this good man, whose era commenced with the birth of ADAM. The upright do not fear him; they freely shake hands. The world to them is a journey; the tomb is the inn or resting-place after life's dismal day, where they sleep in quiet till the dawn of the next world's morning. They then arise out of their beds, prepared for a greater issue.' 'Men may escape worldly marshals, or the civil debt officer; neither friend nor foe, country nor province, nook nor corner of the world, can prevent the arrest of man from this natural sheriff. His staff of office is every where respected. He shows his sign and seal; mortality cringes, bows and replies nothing. He is the harvester, gathering in the harvest and the stubble, and performing all his functions with great strictness. He opens the door to the other world and bids us go in, and 't is he who raises the curtain of futurity to our view, that we may see the pall of the long and gloomy night falling over departed day.'

If the reader would learn more of the cogitations of JULIUS SCHNAP and HANS VAN GARRETSON, (a Siamese partnership, we shrewdly suspect,) let him repair to the counter of our friends MESSRS. BURGESS AND STRINGER, and select, purchase and read the little orange-colored pamphlet which contains them.

AN OLD-TIME SCENE IN 'OLD VIRGINIA': EXPLORATION OF AMAND'S CAVE.—We gave some months since, in these pages, an interesting sketch of an extensive and singular cave in 'Old Schoharie,' in this state; and we have now the pleasure, through the kindness of an obliging correspondent, of presenting our readers with an original description of '*Amand's Cave*'—a somewhat similar 'hole in the ground' in the upper part of 'Old Virginia'—contained in a letter written from the spot in October, 1808, not long after the first discovery of the wonder, an event which happened in this wise: 'A lad employed about the plantation, who was in the practice of setting a steel-trap in the neighboring mountain, observed, upon visiting his trap one morning, as usual, that it was dragged through a hole, hidden by bushes, into the ground. Calling to his dog, he sent him in. He presently discovered, by the barking of the animal, that it was in some open place; and following it, by creeping six or eight yards, he found himself in a large apartment, the extent of which he could not however distinctly see. Surprised, as we may suppose he was, at this discovery, he immediately returned, and hastening to the house, informed the people of it. An examination was at once commenced, and continued from day to day, until all the different recesses of the cave were explored; and which have been named by different visitors, some of them whimsically enough. You enter by creeping, or stooping low, as may be most convenient, for a few yards, into the first apartment, which is called 'Solomon's Room,' on the left side of which, in a recess, is his 'Throne,' which is composed of thin pillars and flakes, formed by successive drops of water, petrified in their descent from the vault above; the work probably of ages, and resembling the whitest marble. The whole roof indeed of this cave is composed of these petrified icicles, if they may be so called, of various lengths and sizes, from the bigness of a quill to that of your arm or body; and those that have reached the rock below forming a variety of fantastical arches. The general color of the rock, which is limestone, is brown, but these icicles vary in color from the purest white to a dusky yellow, and have the appearance, many of them, as well as the walls of some of the rooms, of being spangled. From 'Solomon's Room' you pass to the left to the 'Drawing-Room.' Returning from thence, you enter the 'Dining-Room,' and beyond this is the 'Ball-Room' and 'Music Gallery.' A narrow passage now leads you to the 'Great Hall.' Next you enter 'WASHINGTON Hall,' and adjoining it is 'Mrs. WASHINGTON's Room,' with her 'Bed-chamber' and 'Dressing-Room.' Then comes the 'Enchanted Dome,' under which stands 'Lot's Wife.'

'You have now a view of 'The Cascade;' afterward, of the 'Diamond-Room;' and then you enter 'The Wilderness,' which leads you to the 'Garden of Eden,' near which is the 'Salt Mountain of Louisiana,' in the remotest part of the cave. Returning, you visit various small rooms that have not yet been named; and after passing the 'Falls of Niagara,' tasting the water of 'The Spring,' admiring WASHINGTON'S Sword,' the 'Spread-Eagle,' etc., your excursion ends. From the mouth of the cave to the remotest part of it, passing through all the windings to the different rooms and returning, is a distance of two thousand measured yards. 'WASHINGTON Hall' is two hundred and eighty feet long, from fifteen to twenty-five feet wide, and from forty to fifty feet high. The 'Ball-Room' is one hundred and twenty feet long, about twenty-five feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. The other apartments have not yet been accurately measured. Some of the passages in this extraordinary cave

are not only narrow and low, scarcely admitting you through in a creeping posture, but are dangerous, from the slipperiness occasioned by the damp and constant dropping of water, and your being obliged to pass on the brink of chasms many feet deep, in going from some of the rooms to others, holding on by your hands and the points of your toes. Yet such is the force of curiosity, that several ladies have gone entirely over it! To you, who are so often fancying representations in the clouds, this excursion would be highly gratifying. One is constantly meeting with rude representations of men and animals. What I consider the most extraordinary production in this subterraneous mansion is a statue, apparently of the whitest marble, highly polished, in the centre of 'WASHINGTON Hall.' The head, shoulders, flowing beard and hair, the drapery round the body in loose folds, are *perfectly* represented in a figure somewhat larger than life. I was surprised to see the animation (and my attendants more so) which simply tracing the features of the face with a pencil gave to the whole figure. With my guide's permission, who is the proprietor of the cave, I named it COLUMBUS, from its resemblance to the prints we see of him, and I wrote his name in large characters upon it, to perpetuate it if possible. 'MADISON'S Cave' is in the same mountain, but there is no communication yet discovered between them. 'AMAND'S Cave' is considerably the largest, and its beauties are of quite a different character.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.— We scarcely know *why* it is, yet so it is, that when the spring-time comes on; when the perfume of scented buds fills the air; when the leaves are expanding their soft verdure, and the 'yellow stars of earth begin to shine amidst the long grass;' there comes over the spirit at times a sense of the deepest melancholy; a remembrance of the dead, who have fallen asleep upon the bosom of Nature, no more to arise from their lowly bed, when all else comes forth in beauty and bloom; of young hopes, early perished— of manhood's aspirations checked. Such thoughts indeed were in our own mind, when we opened and read, as we were crossing the sunny Park, an earnest passage from a recent letter of an old and highly-esteemed correspondent: 'For three months I have done nothing except keep up with the current news of the day, and give to SHAKESPEARE and the BIBLE a pretty thorough re-perusal. In this juxtaposition of SHAKESPEARE and the BIBLE, I mean no disparagement to the sacred and supernatural character of the latter; but I thus unite them on purely literary grounds, and because of all the fine books extant on earth, none other are so pregnant with 'suggestiveness' on every page from cover to cover; none others flow with a stream so perennial and so abundant in refreshment for every heart and every mind, whether in sorrow or in joy. As regards the religious claims and inculcations of the Holy Scriptures, I confess that I have been terrified, and at times driven almost to despair, in considering their comprehensiveness, their minuteness, their ubiquity of obligation, and the absolute necessity of meeting them all, and at all times faithfully, at least with sincere purpose of the spirit. Ah! Sir, it is a hard task to become, and becoming to remain a thorough, single-hearted Christian! And although it is an easy thing, 'as easy as talking,' to write 'like a book' on the maintenance of a loving and trustful spirit toward God and toward man, and on the preservation of all the sweet and holy virtues in the freshness and fragrance of their bloom; yet, when one attempts to reduce all parts of this heaven-born code into hourly practice, and subdue the devilish passions;

whose seeds were in our hearts even before their first unconscious beat, and which the soil within, and the atmosphere around us, have ever since been strengthening into stubborn growth, it is a task before which all the achievements of the sword or the pen, of the hand or the brain, fade utterly into nought. And while I have often cleared away the doubts of others on Fate and Free Will, and some other metaphysical points equally perplexing, yet I never have been able so easily to satisfy myself; and in spite of my strongest resolutions to avoid all such mischievous trains of thought entirely, I frequently wander away into a labyrinth of impious doubts and bewildering conjectures. The indisputable fact of our natural tendency to evil; the past history and apparent destiny of this world, through which villainy has almost always walked proud and triumphant, coupled with some dark passages of the Bible — these considerations in seasons of bodily and mental depression, superadded to the memory of a thousand shattered dreams; to the thought of a life literally wasted; of energies, which a kind of universal taste has scattered and broken among a hundred branches, instead of strengthening them by continuous exertion on one; all these things make me at times more melancholy than I hope you ever were or will be. These shadows may seem to you but '*ægri somnia*,' a sick man's dreams; puppet-phantoms, that dance to the motion of disordered nerves. On one thing, however, I am determined. Should my health continue moderately good throughout the summer, I am resolved to study Hebrew, and resorting solely to the original fountains, attempt to discover the exact sense and systematic doctrine of all the theological portion of the Bible. I am tired of endless disputes and contradictory exegesis, and am at last resolved to determine for myself' . . . Our excellent friend and old-time correspondent WHITTIER will smile at the following 'take-off' of his spirited '*Songs of Labor*.' He is indebted to '*FLANEUR*,' an old and favorite contributor to this Magazine, for this audacious attempt to shove him from his tripod: '*Mr. WHITTIER writes 'Songs of Labor' in the Democratic Review. The object is political and poetical. They are intended to show Barnburner and Old Hunker journeymen that they shall have a bard as well as lawyers and bank-stock owners; and that songs can be written on hammers, chisels, mortices and tenants, as sweetly soothing or as wildly wakening as on orange groves, marble halls, broken lances and waving banners. In a metre somewhat similar to MACAULAY's Roman ballads, our labor-bard has attempted to depict the sentiments and represent the cries of blacksmiths, ship-builders and lumbermen. The verse is enlivened by interjunctory expressions, in this style: 'Ho! Speed thee!' 'Hark! God bless thee!' 'Up! seize!' Why not? Any thing sounds well when properly expressed. There is nothing more unpoetical than a dirty face; but say: 'God bless thee! Visage grimed with smoke!' for instance, and you have labor-poetry at once. But this is neither here nor there: we only wish to point out that Mr. WHITTIER has a becoming sense of the dignity of labor; that is, he evidently considers some kinds of labor far from dignified. No songs for you, my sad street-sweeper! nor for you, my weeping waiter! nor for you, melancholy office-boy! Mourn on! ye Unsung! In the democratic house, as in Heaven, there are 'many mansions;' into some of which the poorer class of poor devils may not set a foot. No radical so ultra who does not believe in a lower level than his own. We may be too hasty in this evil; there may be labor-songs in store for each of the classes we have called neglected. If so, we are sorry; and to make some amends, we will save him the trouble of a stanza or so, by writing it ourselves. Let us treat the street-sweeper to a pair of verses; merely of course throwing these and the others out as a nucleus for the labor-bard's*

more extended production. We omit the day-break and meteorological phenomena with which the labor songs open, and begin thus:

LABOR-FRAGMENT: NUMBER ONE.

'Up! from shanty, shed and hovel,
With pickaxe and with spade;
Ply the birch-broom and the shovel,
Until the dirt-heap 's made;
Then, hark! hark! it comes—the dirt-cart!
Six-thirty is the mark,
We know it by when shines the sun —
We smell it in the dark !'

'Then follows an invocation, and benediction of manure in general:

'God bless it, whereso'er the gales
Its hateful smell shall blow;
Spread o'er Westchester's sunny vales,
Or where the pumpkins grow;
Where'er in paddock or in field
It decks the fertile soil,
May cabbage it, and turnips yield,
To bless the laborer's toil !'

'So much for the street-sweeper. The next song shall be for the waiter in a private family. Time: early morning. Scene: breakfast-room. Making the fire and setting the table:

LABOR-FRAGMENT: NUMBER TWO.

'Up! seize a well-thumbed paper,
And tear it into strips:
Quick! light it with a taper,
Beneath the crackling chips!
Then, ho! for the napkins snow-white!
The tea-cups and the tray!
Ho! for the spoons of silver bright!
Thus we begin the day !'

'Subsequent stanzas can represent him blacking the boots, cleaning the knives, or answering the street-door bell. One last hint to the bard; one more theme—'The Lawyer's Office-Boy.' It is to be supposed that the boy, having finished the dawn part of the song, has reached the office:

LABOR-FRAGMENT: NUMBER THREE.

'The torn coat-sleeve to the table,
The steel-pen to the ink;
Ho! write, be it truth or fable,
Words, words! clerks never think!
Then sign; the seal—the fees—on file
The title of the cause;
Then serve the papers on the vile
Wretch who defies our laws !'

'This is poetry. This is the way to get a reputation. *'Sic itur ad astra.'*' . . . 'It's all very well, Mr. FERGUSON, but you can't *sleep* here!' we said in our mind's ear, (why not mind's *ear*, as well as '*mind's eye*,' HORATIO?) as we ran over the prolix and over-labored sketch of '*My College Mates*,' by 'HORATIO FERGUSON, Esq.' But looking farther on, we desried a graphic specimen of *tutorial tyranny*, which is worth recording, for the lesson which it conveys to those pompous gentlemen who in so many colleges abuse the authority with which they are invested. Listen therefore to this little passage in the college life of FRANK CARSON: 'I have said FRANK was kind; he was more—he was generous, even to a fault; and being rich himself, and having an indulgent guardian, his purse was always full, saye when he had just emptied it to accommodate a friend, or to relieve the wants of those who

sought his charity. But he was not one of those who do their fellow creatures a kindness and then rob the act of half its merit by proclaiming it to the world. I have even known him suffer serious inconvenience rather than let such an act be known through himself, although it would have won for him the tribute of universal respect. I well remember a particular instance of this. One morning after Christmas, FRANK came into the lecture-room rather late, after the class had assembled and the recitation begun. His eyes were blood-shot, his face pale, and his whole appearance that of a man who had slept very little if any for the twenty-four hours next preceding. Tutor D . . . then filled the chair; a man whose attainments in one respect fully equalled those of the celebrated Dr. PORSON or Dr. JOHNSON; namely, personal uncouthness and lack of courtesy. In accordance with a then existing rule of the institution, before taking his seat FRANK stepped up to the tutor and asked to be excused from reciting. 'No, Sir!' was the tutor's reply; 'you were drunk last night, weren't you?' 'I was not, Sir,' said FRANK. 'You were! I saw you myself have a basket with bottles in it, and I know those bottles contained wine. Take your seat, Sir, and consider yourself as having received a warning for being drunk and then denying it.' FRANK's face was pale before, but now it was livid, and the blood started from his lip as he bit it in the effort to suppress his anger. He stood for an instant, and every one supposed he was about to strike the tutor to the ground, who quailed before his flashing eye. Recovering himself, however, FRANK cast on him a look of withering scorn, and then passed to his seat. The tutor brought upon himself very general reprehension and dislike for his roughness, and FRANK, for his forbearance, as general respect, which would have been increased a thousand fold had the real state of the case been known. The affair passed off and was forgotten; but some three or four months after, business carried me to a little hovel in the outskirts of the city, inhabited by a poor washerwoman with a family of young children. In the course of conversation, she informed me that her husband had died on the last Christmas night, and left her penniless; but that by hard work, together with the kind assistance she occasionally received from a Mr. CARSON, she had got along through the winter very comfortably. On hearing the name of CARSON, I inquired rather more particularly, and found out that this was my friend FRANK; and that, so far from being drunk on the night in question, as the tutor had asserted, having accidentally discovered the condition of this family, he had carried wine and other little articles of luxury to the sick man; and resisting the temptation of spending a merry evening with a select party of friends, had watched with the poor man in his last hour, smoothing his path down the dark valley by assuring him that he would see that his family did not want for bread, and finally had closed his eyes in death.' . . . We do not altogether affect 'Mr. MILLER's paper on *'The Water Cure.'* Not that a portion of its satire is not legitimate, but the theme is made too much of. We quite agree with him, that after men have been bled, leeches and cupped, until almost every drop of blood has been coaxed out of them, and they move about like atomies of anatomies, the best way is to wrap them up in half-a-dozen wet sheets and stand them up in a corner, like a piece of cloth being spunged at a tailor's shop. 'Nothing can touch them further.' The 'Chrono-Thermal System' of Dr. DIXON, practised by Dr. TURNER, would obviate any of these contingencies. And as apropos of this, we may mention, that a gentleman, on being introduced to Professor MAPES the other day in Broadway, said: 'Are you the celebrated Professor MAPES, of whom I have heard so much?' 'I am not celebrated for any thing now, Sir, particularly, that

I know of,' replied Mr. MAPES, 'but I have been for some fifteen years celebrated for having every day one of the tallest kind of epileptic fits, and on some days half-a-dozen of them. Dr. TURNER however, about six weeks ago, took away my reputation in this respect, and I have not been 'celebrated' since!' . . . THERE is a distinct order of talent evinced in a truly '*Poetical Epistle*;' and this talent our entertaining contributor, JOHN G. SAXE, Esq., of Vermont, has more than once exhibited, through the pages of this and other literary publications. Here is his last missive in this kind:

DEAR KNICK: While myself and my spouse
Sat tea-ing last evening, and chatting,
And mindful of conjugal vows,
Were nicely agreed in combatting;
It chanced that myself and my wife,
(T was Madam occasioned the pother!)
Falling suddenly into a strife,
Came near falling out with each other.

In a rattling, tattling chat,
Quite in tune with the chime of the tea-things,
We were talking of this and of that,
Just as each of us happened to see things;
When somehow or other it chanced,
(I don't quite remember the clue,)
That, as talking and tea-ing advanced,
We found we were talking of you!

I think (but perhaps I am wrong,
Such a subtle old chap is Suggestion,
As he forces each topic along
By the trick of 'the previous question,')
Some remarks on a bacchanal revel
Suggested that horrible elf
With the hoof and the horns — and the Devil,
Excuse me, suggested yourself!

'Ah! KNICK., to be sure; by the way,'
Quoth Madam, 'what sort of a man
Do you take him to be? — nay, but stay,
And let me guess him out if I can:
He's young, and quite handsome, no doubt,
Rather slender, and not over-tall;
And he loves a snug little turn-out,
And turns out quite 'a love' at a ball.'

And then she went on to portray
Such a very delightful ideal,
Incredulous people would say
That really it could n't be real;
'And his wife, what a lady must she be?
(KNICK.'s married, that I know and you know,)
You'd find her a delicate HEBE,
And not a 'magnificent JUNO.'

Now I am a man, you must learn,
Less famous for beauty than strength,
And, for aught I could ever discern,
Of rather superfluous length;
In truth, 't is but seldom one meets
Such a Titan in human abodes,
And when I stalk over the streets,
I'm a perfect 'Colossus of roads.'

So I frowned like a tragedy-Roman,
For in painting the beautiful elf
As the form of your lady, the woman
Took care to be drawing herself;
While, mark you, the picture she drew
So deuc'd *con amore* and free,
That fanciful likeness of you,
Was by no means a portrait of me!

'How lucky for ladies,' I hinted,
That in this our republican land
They may prattle, without being stinted,
Of matters they do n't understand!
I'll show you, dear Madam, 'Old KNICK'
Is n't short, Ma'am, nor daintily slim,
But a gentleman decently thick
O' the middle, and manly o' limb:

And as for his youth — talk of flowers
Blooming gaily in frosty December;
I'll be sworn, Ma'am, his juvenile hours
Are things he can scarcely remember;
Here, Madam, quite plain to be seen
Is the beau you would choose for a lover;
And producing your own Magazine,
I pointed elate to the cover.

'You see, Ma'am, 't is just as I said,
His locks are as gray as a rat;
Here, look at the crown of his head —
'T is as bald as the crown of my hat!'
'Nay, my dear,' interrupted my wife,
Who began to be casting about
To get the last word in the strife,
'Tis his grandfather's picture, no doubt!'

Thanks, dear Madam! for that kind interposition. The worthy 'outside KNICK-ERBOCKER' on the cover hereof is our great progenitor, the venerable DIEDRICH. The unworthy descendant who labors every month to do credit to his honored name, rejoices copiously in those hirsute adornments of which age had deprived the renowned historian, when he sat for the 'picture in little' which is handing his lineaments down to his remotest posterity. *Au reste*, suppose one of these days there should suddenly appear in the midst of these gossiping pages an image of one — of an individual, who for some thirteen years has — of an editorial person, who with such ability as he was master of — Ah! ladies and gentlemen, don't all speak at once! 'We are not made of stone, but penetrable to your kind entreaties!' The project is engendered. . . . THERE is a good deal of truth conveyed in the sketch entitled '*Lingering Love of Legal Litigation*;' but three or four of the incidents cited remind

us too forcibly of 'Some Passages in the Life of a Briefless Lawyer,' a series of papers from the pen of an esteemed friend, published many years since. The following illustrative anecdotes however are not familiar to us, and may prove new to some of our readers: Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a little stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning certain repairs which it required, after a time, one of them declining to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of two or three new planks. Finally, the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said, 'I'll give you all dish moneys, if you'll make HANS do justice mit de pridge.' 'How much will it cost to repair the bridge?' asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant? 'Well, den, not more ash five tollars,' replied the Dutchman. 'Very well,' said the lawyer, pocketing one of his notes and giving him the other, 'take this, and go and get the bridge repaired; it's the best course you can take.' 'Yaäs,' said the Dutchman, slowly, 'y-a-a-s; dat ish more better as to quarrel mit HANS;' but as he went along home, he shook his head frequently, as if unable after all quite clearly to see how he had gained anything by going to law. On another occasion proceedings were 'neutralized' between the same parties by the same lawyer, in a case of dog-shooting. 'Did you shoot the complainant's dog?' said the counsellor to the trespasser. 'Yaäs, I shot him, but let him brove it!' 'Well, what was your dog worth?' asked the lawyer of the other. 'Well den, he was n't wort' not'ing, but I mean to make him pay the wort' of him, for shootin' him!' The 'action would n't lie.' . . . PUNCH is giving a series of papers on 'The Snobs of England,' and if we had a PUNCH in this country, the example would be immediately imitated, as a matter of course, because we imitate every thing English but the inimitable, and PUNCH is unhappily of this class of subjects. The 'snobs' however are not among American impossibilities, and we are in daily expectation of seeing some periodical come out with an article on SNobs, by way of novelty. There is a wandering specimen of 'The Literary Snob' continually obtruding himself upon public notice; to-day in the gutter, to-morrow in some milliner's magazine; but in all places, and at all times, magnificently snobbish and dirty, who seems to invite the 'Punchy' writers among us to take up their pens and impale him for public amusement. Mrs. LOUISA GODEY has lately taken this snob into her service in a neighboring city, where he is doing his best to prove his title to the distinction of being one of the lowest of his class at present infesting the literary world. The 'Evening Gazette and Times' speaks of our literary 'snob' as one 'whose idiosyncracies have attracted some attention and compassion of late;' and adds: 'We have heard that he is at present in a state of health which renders him not completely *accountable* for all his peculiarities!' We do not think that the 'ungentlemanly and unpardonable personalities of this writer,' of which our contemporary complains, are worthy of notice, simply because they are so notoriously false that they destroy themselves. The sketch for example of Mr. BRIGGS, ('HARRY FRANCO,') in the paper alluded to, is *ludicrously* untrue, in almost every particular. Who that knows 'HARRY FRANCO,' (whose prose style WASHINGTON IRVING pronounced 'the freshest, most natural and graphic he had met with,') would recognize his *physical* man from our 'snob's' description? But after all, why should one speak of all this? Poh! Poh! Leave the 'idiosyncratic' man 'alone in his glory.' . . . THERE is a well-known custom prevailing in our criminal courts, of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a wag of a lawyer who was present, 'Mr. —, please withdraw

with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest.' The lawyer and his client withdrew; and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court, alone. 'Where is the prisoner?' asked the court. 'He has gone,' your honor,' said the hopeful legal 'limb.' Your honor told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest; and as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'cut and run,' which he took at once. He is in Jersey, your honor, by this time.' . . . 'The Lay of the Visionary,' in preceding pages, is from the pen of a young and lovely country girl, who has been totally deaf from childhood. The melody of the lines is therefore remarkable. Poor girl! of what a blessed sense is she deprived! Spring-time of the year may come; 'voices musical of Summer' prevail around; yet can *she* not hear the early notes of the birds, that ascend, like the prayers of children, an offering of gratitude for protection during the night. . . . THE London waiters, we are told, are proverbial for their precision; and to secure accuracy in the fulfilment of their orders, they invariably repeat them after they hear them. A wag, aware of this fact, brought about at an eating-house one day the following dialogue: 'Waiter,' said one, 'bring me a beef-steak.' 'A beef-steak?—yes, Sir.' 'Waiter,' cried a second, 'bring me a glass of pale sherry.' 'Pale sherry?—yes, Sir.' 'I say, waiter,' whispered an exquisite, 'Meet me in the Willow-glen.' 'Willow-glen?' echoed the 'flunkey,' in amazement; 'willow-glen?—yes, Sir, directly!' This monotony of phrase is exceeded by a kindred sameness of pronunciation, we suspect, if this colloquy be authentically reported to us: 'Waiter,' said a rather seedy customer, 'bring me a plate of veal and 'am, well done.' The waiter reiterated the order, as usual, and then 'gave it voice' in these remarkable and slightly profane words: 'Plate of veal — and *dam*' *well done*!' . . . A LADY-CORRESPONDENT ('no?') sends us the 'poem' from which the ensuing stanzas are taken, with a note, dated 'Niagara Falls, March 26, 1846,' and running to the following effect: 'If you find as much amusement in reading the enclosed lines, as I enjoyed in hearing them read by the author, my object in sending them will be attained, and an instalment upon my debt of gratitude to the KNICKERBOCKER paid. The poet is a resident of Erie county; a genuine son of the soil — a real native; and is pretty well convinced in his own mind that America *has* produced a poet. The verses were written before he saw the Falls: after seeing them, however, he could find no reason to alter his production:'

'THE Niagara Falls is high,
The place many does glorify;
They have a grand glorious fame,
Which is exalting to their name.

'The grand Falls do loudly roar,
And their fame it does highly soar;
The water pours over the rocks,
And around there is many flocks.

'The Falls are an exalted sight,
And they possess an honor bright;
They are exalted and profound,
And gives a brave melody sound.

'When folks spy what they do behold,
They do feel as bright as gold;
The loud roar is heard for many miles—
The people appear in great styles.

'Many years, months and hours has past,
Since the water began to run fast;
On the exalted river side
The brave Falls has been glorified.

'It is much pleasing to the eye,
That no one fairly can deny;
Harmonious these lines comes in rhymes,
Likewise it is jovial times!

It may be some gratification to the reader to know that the stanzas we have omitted are no worse than those which we have given. We think the writer out-CORB'S CORB in her lines on NANCY HINKS, and fairly eclipses HORACE JONES' 'Adventures in Michigan.' Howbeit, HORACE is now engaged upon a poem which will 'clean beat' the best efforts of all his 'brothers and sisters of the Nine.' The subject, he informs us, was

suggested by a passage in the '*Hypocraphy*' of HARPERS' Pictorial Family Bible! He is going to make it 'as good as it can be,' having been paid in advance for its execution by a waggish western friend. His maximum price for a 'first-rate poem' was twenty-five cents! . . . *The National Academy of Design* opens its twenty-first annual exhibition while the pages of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER are passing through the press. We have therefore little leisure and less space in the present number to do justice to the collection, which is conceded on all hands to be one of the best since the founding of the institution upon which it reflects so much honor. But while we reserve for another occasion the pleasure of noticing the pictures more at large, we yet cannot resist the inclination to say some desultory words gossip-wise at this time concerning a few of the more prominent paintings named in our catalogue, which by-the-by we find to be very sparsely pencil-checked. 'A. by itself A.,' to begin with, shall indicate V. G. AUDUBON, who has a faithful landscape, representing Killin, a scene on the river Dochart, Glen-Dochart, opening up the Glen-Ben-More in the distance; one of those cold, comfortless-looking regions which are not uncommon in Scotland. It is however an honest landscape; a little formal and hard, perhaps, just round the bridge, but otherwise it struck us as very truthful. . . . J. H. BEARD, late of Cincinnati, has a picture which he has termed 'North Carolina Emigrants, one of a series representing Poor White Folks.' This painting exhibits a good deal of feeling, but its style certainly evinces a lack of practice, not to say knowledge of the art. The figures are *too* wo-begone; the mother, on the horse, is most naturally draped, but her baby is 'a bouncer,' and indifferently foreshortened; the father's position is easy and natural, yet the *sentiment* of his condition seems a little overstrained. BEARD can do far better than this. He will — for 'it is in him.' . . . C. BLAAS' 'Angels bearing St. CATHARINE to Mount Sinai' is not an American picture, but it is one of a high order of merit. We may allude to it again. It was painted abroad; is full of intellectual beauties, and for that reason worthy of study by all artists. Most sweetly painted is the face of the departed saint, and that of the figure 'shadowing with wings' a sister-spirit's features is scarcely less admirable; and then, how floating, how 'balloony,' as the French term it, seems the whole group! A truly delightful picture. . . . Mr. CHAPMAN has four paintings. 'REBEKAH and ABRAHAM's Servant at the Well' at first sight seems a very striking picture. An examination of it however exhibits defects. The standing position of the figures seems unnatural, that of the servant especially. The 'Cottage' and 'Road-Scene' in the Highlands, by the same artist, are two pleasing pictures; the first named very particularly so. . . . THOMAS COLE has four specimens of his inimitable grouping and coloring. 'The Pic-Nic' is the largest, but not to our fancy the best. The sky, land and water-scapes are admirably depicted of course, but the character and grouping of the figures, although artistical, do not impress us so favorably. We prefer the 'Italian Sunset' and the 'View of Lago de Nemi, near Rome,' in the first of which are gems of mingled composition and color which might almost be segregated from the rest and form singly beautiful pictures. In looking at 'The Cross in the Wilderness' we could not but feel a regret that the frame should shut in the scene; a feeling such as one sometimes experiences in seeing clouds, like 'bulwarks of some viewless land,' closing in a wide and lovely landscape, 'rich in richest verdure.' . . . Mr. CRANCH has an excellent landscape, in Number 139. The middle-ground and distance are very fine. There are excellent 'points' also in 'A Summer-Shower,' but we lack space to indicate them. . . . Mr. CROSEY, excuse us, but are you not going behind? Do n't your

pictures look unfinished and flashy? Do n't you deal in purple, think you, rather more than is necessary? Dear Sir, your clouds, mountains and rivers all seem dancing to the same tune; they do indeed. We must try and amend this, Mr. CROFSEY. You are *able* to do it; that seems quite clear. . . . DURAND!—ah, here *is* an artist! Look at his two landscapes; how full of truth they are! What BRYANT does with the pen, he effects with his pencil. *Nature* rises, as if from miraculous invocation, before you. Observe the grass on the hill-side in one of these landscapes, and see how comfortably you could repose upon it. The water, too, how limpid! Then remember that all this is of the most every-day character. There is no attempt at grand composition; no rude figures of eight feet in height, nor any thing of that pleasing class and size; no wonderful light and shade, and no brilliant coloring. Yet 'there lies the scene,' as SHAKESPEARE says; you can step from the floor of the Academy into a quiet country spot, where the noises of omnibii, brokers and old clothes-men are shut out forever. DURAND has likewise a fine picture in the small room, full of sentiment; a sweet young female tending the wants of an aged parent. Do you remark the quiet tone of this picture also? There is no gaudy color; all is subdued, and in perfect keeping with the subject. . . . We come next to F. W. EDMONDS, undeniably the first amateur painter in America. And before proceeding to say a very few words of his pictures in the present exhibition, let us commend his uniform good taste, not only in the choice but in the treatment of his subjects. We remember having encountered, some time since, a remark of some English critic upon the lessons that might be gained by observing the manner in which visitors in general look at pictures in an exhibition. At the tragic, swaggering, theatrical-historical paintings, they yawn; before some of the grand flashy landscapes, they stand without the least emotion; for in these same big pictures you often see signs of ignorance of every kind; weakness of hand, poverty of invention, carelessness of drawing, and sometimes lamentable imbecility of thought; but before some quiet scene of humor or pathos, some easy little copy of nature, you shall see the same visitor stand for a long time in pleased contemplation. And this is the test, as we have frequently had occasion to observe, that Mr. EDMONDS' pictures always bear. We once saw two countrymen, restless enough elsewhere in the Academy, stand for something like an hour, regarding attentively his rustic sketch of 'Sparking.' Mr. EDMONDS has three pictures in the Academy; numbers 167, 222 and 300. The scene from SCOTT'S 'Antiquary,' between ELSFETH and Lord GLENALLAN, is the first. When you have carefully noted the accessories of the cottage—the brass-kettle, the suspended haddock, the 'pot of jam' on the shelf, etc.,—'do us the favor to observe' the characters. Is ELSFETH'S searching glance directed '*any where else*' than at GLENALLAN?—is that warning finger raised at *any* thing save him? Can *his* look be mistaken by any body? No; it tells the tale. And the same may be said of 'The Sleepy Student.' The dog in his lap; the dropped book; the wash-bench, with its variety and completeness of utensils, and the no less natural adjuncts beneath; all are to the life. A pleasant bit of tangled wild-wood scenery may be seen in No. 300. The trees are well painted, and the gray-blue sky, 'flecking' opaquely through the interwoven foliage, is very natural. As to the round white cloud filling the small distant gap at the horizon, we 'like not *that*.' . . . CHARLES L. ELLIOTT has what painters term a most capital 'feeling' for portraits. His flesh fairly perspires. You can put your finger on it and feel its warmth and life. He fully equals, if he does not excel, our departed friend INMAN; and this is saying much. His portrait of

THAYER, a brother artist, is pronounced by good judges to be the best portrait that was ever exhibited in the National Academy; and we can well believe it, for it is a miracle of coloring. The portrait of 'OLD KNICK,' (as they have christened a gentleman whom we have known, 'boy and man,' for upward of thirty years, and *you* have known, reader, for some thirteen, more or less,) is thought by artists to be Mr. ELLIOTT's next best and most faithful head; although that of Mrs. TOWNSEND, Dr. STONE, and the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, of Grace Church, may be said to divide with these the suffrages of visitors. . . . Mr. FLAGG has five pictures, of which we may have more to say hereafter. We cannot express any great admiration of his style in general. His faces are not disfigured by any thing that can be called expression, exactly; yet he makes very large eyes and quite elaborate bosoms. . . . Mr. FREEMAN has but one specimen of his powers; the picture of a dwarf, carefully and elaborately finished, but how out of all proportion! Whoever saw such a head coupled with such a body and such arms? There is much merit in the form and coloring of the stone effigy. . . . Mr. GIGNOUX, in Number 8, has a very clever landscape; and his two game pictures are *perfect* copies from nature. We never saw better transcripts. The imitation of the planed boards, upon which the game is represented as hanging, we have seen deceive scores of visitors. . . . WHAT can we say of Mr. HENRY PETERS GRAY? We could conscientiously praise his works, 'if, like a crab, we could go *backward*;' for his earlier pictures reflected credit upon his talents. But Mr. GRAY has never 'fulfilled the promise of his spring.' Indeed, he has been constantly retrograding. We have seen no pictures from his pencil in any former year so indifferent as those in the present collection. Mr. GRAY must surely be imitating some imitator of TITIAN, or failing sadly in transferring to canvass the style of the true master. His flesh is cold, hard, dry; his pictures look as if they had been *baked*. His effects seem to have been produced by a sort of dotting or *stippling* with the end of his pencil. Look at his 'Tuscan Maid,' 'Sappho,' and 'Timon of Athens,' and say whether we have not 'spoken sooth.' . . . Mr. HUNTINGTON has eight pictures in the Academy, the very best of which we think is his 'Italy;' a charming painting, in attitude, color—every thing. His larger and more ambitious compositions, although replete with characteristic merits, have not so forcibly impressed us. Mr. HUNTINGTON must 'look sharp,' or he will find himself a confirmed *mannerist* before he is aware of it. His old men's heads, for example, have very little variety. This is partly true also of the *expression* of his female faces. Numbers 42, 47 and 178, are in some respects repetitions of each other. Moreover, is he not too lavish of the semi-garish in his draperies? His *reds* seem to us to superabound. Mr. HUNTINGTON, being an artist of acknowledged genius, can surely afford to be careful of his reputation. . . . Mr. INGHAM, in Number 28, has a very remarkable picture. Examine it closely, and see how elaborately beautiful it is in all its details. Those leaves, even, are botanical specimens, so perfect are they. Number 179 is another admirable picture; soft, delicate in color, and most sweet and natural in expression. . . . CHARLES JARVIS has four pictures; the best of which, *we* may be pardoned for saying, is No. 216, a perfectly faithful copy of the youthful lineaments of a dear little fellow, 'well known since his birth to this deponent,' and set down as 'YOUNG KNICK,' in the catalogue. It is very child-like and natural in expression, true in color, and the hand admirably foreshortened. Number 73 is also an excellent likeness, and a pleasing picture. The portrait of Mrs. GIDEON LEE, Number 267, is likewise a faithful and well-colored portrait. . . . AMONG the J.'s is Mr. JOCELYN, who has some very clever portraits,

the best of which is that of Mr. C. VANDERBILT, Number 168. . . . We may be in error, but we cannot regard Mr. LEUTZE's extravagant picture of the 'Landing of the Northmen' as worthy of his reputation, (and by and by we will state *why* we do not,) but 'CROMWELL and his Daughter,' Number 188, is fully equal to it. The head and figure of the Protector are admirable. There is, as CARLYLE says, 'in those nostrils of his a kind of *snort*; he has decided.' The arm of the daughter is over-drawn, but that is a small defect; yet a defect that in this limb seems a little common to Mr. LEUTZE. . . . Mr. MATTESON, in Number 20, exhibits great improvement. The picture is well designed and the story well told; albeit the composition is rather crowded, there is some bad drawing, and two or three of the figures are dwarfish. . . . HERE we must pause, for we are 'at the end of our tether.' Although we had written out our catalogue-memoranda, we must postpone its publication till our next. It embraces the names of MOUNT, OSGOOD, PAGE, PEELE, (whom we are glad to welcome,) RANNEY, ROSSITER, SPENCER, SWAIN, TALBOT, ('*Macte virtute*,' JESSE! you are doing well!) THAYER, GIOVANNI THOMPSON, TERRY, WALDO AND JEWETT, WENZLER, WHITRIDGE, and others of greater or less attraction. Mean time, citizens and strangers, *visit the National Academy*! You will find it the best exhibition we have ever had; and there is no place in town where a couple of leisure hours can be passed so pleasantly; for you can be at once in foreign cities, or in cool country nooks, 'beside still waters.' . . . THE following touching lines are supposed to have been written by an unfortunate poet, who died many years since in London. There is about them something of the spirit and a little of the manner of a roundelay by CHATTERTON, which we have a dim remembrance of having read several years ago:

'GENIUS and Goodness will not grieve —
On one so worthless, tears bestow;
Or supercilious Greatness heave
A sigh to honor one so low:
But few must be
The tears for me,
When I am laid beneath the tree.

'Yon sun's bright beams bid nations live,
But all for me unnoticed shine;
These breezes peace and pleasure give,
But peace and pleasure are not mine!
But few must be
The tears for me,
When I am laid beneath the tree.

'Yet welcome, hour of parting breath!
Come, sure, unerring dart! — there's room
For sorrow in the arms of Death —
For disappointment in the tomb:
Though few must be
The tears for me,
When I am laid beneath the tree.

'What though the slumber there be deep?
Though not by kind remembrance blest,
To slumber is to cease to weep —
To sleep forgotten, is to rest:
Oh! sound shall be
The rest for me,
When I am laid beneath the tree!'

WE are glad to be able to state, that our apprehensions in regard to the death of Mr. JUDSON, (our 'NED BUNTLINE,') had not at the last advices been realized. He writes us himself, under date of 'Nashville, April 10th,' although in a faltering hand, as follows: 'Your April number has just reached me; and I hasten to tell you that I am worth ten 'dead' men yet, and hope to be ready, in two or three months, to 'go it' for 'the whole of Oregon.' I expect to leave here for the East in three or four days. I cannot yet rise from my bed; my left arm and leg are helpless, and my whole left side is sadly bruised. Out of twenty-three shots, all within ten steps, the pistols several times touching my body, I was slightly hit by *three* only. I fell forty-seven feet three inches, (measured,) on hard, rocky ground, and not a bone cracked! Thus God told them I was innocent. As God is my judge, *I never wronged Robert Porterfield*. My enemies poisoned his ears, and foully belied me. I tried to avoid harming him, and calmly talked with him while he fired three shots at me, each shot grazing my person. I did not fire till I saw that he was de-

terminated to kill me, and then I fired but once. Gross injustice has been done me in the published descriptions of the affair. As soon as I can sit up, I shall publish a full account of the entire affray. I shall not be tried; the grand jury have set, and no bill has been found against me. The mob was raised by and composed of men who were my enemies on other accounts than the death of PORTERFIELD. They were the persons whom I used to score in my little paper, '*Ned Buntline's Own*.' I saw but *one* respectable man among them. The rope did not *break*; it was *cut* by a friend. I believe I acted calmly and bravely through the whole scene; my enemies say so, at least. Mr. PORTERFIELD was a brave, good, but rash and hasty man; and deeply, deeply do I regret the *necessity* of his death. His wife is as innocent as an angel. No proof has ever been advanced that I ever touched her hand. I am faint and weak from this exertion in writing to you, and must close.' We have given the foregoing to the public without request, and without the permission of the writer. It seems but just that one who was so conspicuous an actor in the sad events heretofore recorded, should at least have the opportunity of asserting his innocence. It could hardly be denied to him by an enemy. We look to see 'NED' hereafter 'a better and a wiser man.' . . . It is very curious, the manner in which cant terms, of no particular meaning in themselves, in their origin or their application, become perpetuated in a metropolitan community. Who can trace the common phrase of '*He is n't any thing else?*' Who, at any rate, observes any fitness in its use, in nine cases out of ten, in which it is employed? The first time we ever heard the phrase used was while the last Democratic Presidential Convention was in session at Baltimore. 'Do you think VAN BUREN will get the nomination?' asked a Whig of a prominent Democrat. 'Get the no-mi-na-tion?' was the reply; '*he won't get nothing else!*' 'No, you're *right*, he won't,' answered his antagonist; 'you've hit the truth *once* in your life, any how!' Since that period, however, the term has become almost a 'household word' in the city. A correspondent tells us that at a wedding the other day at which an acquaintance of his officiated, the Justice who performed the marriage ceremony said to the bridegroom, 'Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife?' to which he answered, with a smile on his lip peculiar to 'one of the bo-hoys,' '*I won't have nobody else!*' The reply of his bride to the kindred query was not less specific and characteristic: 'Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?' said the Justice; to which she responded, with breathless haste, '*Yes, Sir-ree!*' . . . MR. WILLIS, in one of his pleasant and graphic sketches of real life in London society, gives us the following language as coming from the lips of a titled lady, who had become weary of the routine of fashionable gayety in the metropolis: 'You need not be reminded what London is; how wearisome its round of well-bred gayeties; how heartless and cold its fashionable display. Providence, I think, has confined to a comparatively low level the hearty and joyous sympathies of our nature; and it avenges the humble, *that the proud, who rise above them, rise also above the homely material for happiness*. An aristocrat I am doomed to be! I am, if I may so express it, irrevocably pampered, and must live and associate with the class in which I have been thrown by accident and education. But how inexpressibly tedious to me is the round of such a life, the pains I have here taken to procure a respite from it, may perhaps partially convey to you. It is possible, probable indeed, that I entertain at my house people who envy me the splendors I dispense, yet who are themselves happier than I. To young people, for whom it is a novelty; to lovers, whose happiness is wholly separable from all around

them ; to the ambitious, who use it as a convenient ladder ; gay London life is (what any other life would be with the same additions,) charming. But to one who is not young ; for whom love is a closed book, and who has no ambition in progress ; this mere society without heart or joyousness is a desert of splendor. I walk through my thronged rooms, and hear, night after night, the same ceremonious nothings. I drive in my costly equipage, separated by its very costliness from the sympathy of the human beings who pass me by. There are those who call themselves my intimate friends ; but their friendship lacks homeliness and abandonment. Fear of committal, dread of ridicule, policy to please or repel, are like chains worn unseen on the tongues and hearts of all who walk the world at that level.' How many are there in this 'metropolis of the western world'—where the richest can but *imitate* perhaps the least noteworthy in that respect of the great world of London—how many are there who *must*, who *do* feel, who cannot *help* feeling, the truth of this too truthful confession ! Such is 'Fashion !' . . . We heard the accompanying 'Irish Melody' sung the other evening with inimitable effect ; and having heard it, we can readily conceive what an effect it might have had on the 'brave boys' 'a-working upon the kenawls' and rail-roads in the country, about 'election-time.'

'When I landed in swate Philadelpy,
The weather was pleasant and clear ;
I did n't stop long in the city,
As soon I will let yez all hear ;
I did n't stop long in the city,
It being then late in the fall,
Before I disposed of my rigging,
And anchored upon the kenawl :

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'When I came to this wonderful rampart,
My heart it was filled with surprise
To see such a grand undertaking—
The like never came to me eyes !
'T was there I saw thousands of brave boys
Embowelled in mountains so tall,
A-cutting through hills and through valleys,
To make a road for the kenawl !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'I, happening to be but a stranger,
Did n't have a great dale for to say,
When the boss he came round in good order,
Saying, 'Brave boys ! it's grog-time o' day !'
The boss he came round in good order—
He seemed like a father to all ;
Oh ! I thought 't was an illigant pleasure
To be working upon the kenawl !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'I engagéd with him for a saison,
My rich monthly pay for to draw ;
I was always in very good humor,
And often sang 'Erin go Bragh !'
The rations they was very plenty,
To complain we 'd no raison at all ;
Oh ! if there 's happiness in the creation,
'T is a-working upon the kenawl !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'The girls from every quarter
They tazed me wherever I'd go ;
There was MOLLY and DOLLY and MARTHA,
That wanted to make me their beau ;
The mothers were all in confusion—
Good LORD ! how they 'd holler and bawl !
'We've ne'er any good of our daughters
Since PADDY kim on the kenawl !'

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Fare ye well, sisters and brothers,
So kindly I bid yez adieu !

'And now, to conclude and to finish,
I'm accomplished in every degree ;
I'm a Dimocrat into the bargain,
The best that you ever did see !
So fill up your glasses, my brave boys,
Here 's success and long life to you all !
And here 's to all true-hearted heroes,
That are working upon the kenawl !

'So fare ye well, father and mother,
Likewise to ould Ireland too ;
Here 's health to King MARTIN O'BUREN !
To h—ll with your TIFECANOR !'

The allusion to 'King MARTIN O'BUREN' may have secured the votes of some Patsylvanians who doubtless thought him a countryman of their own. . . . We have been not a little amused in looking over the '*Histoire de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament, avec des Explicationes édifiantes tirées de Saints Pères, par DE ROYAUMONT*,' illustrated by two hundred and sixty-seven engravings, some of

which latter, by-the-by, are laughable enough. One is upon the passage, '*L'orsq' on a une poutre dans l'œil il ne faut pas se mettre en peine de tirer une paille de l'œil de son frere,*' and is treated in a manner truly French. One of the two figures has a shaft like a weaver's 'beam' coming out of his eye, while the 'mote' in the eye of the other is about the size of the old-fashioned darning-needle of the old-fashioned house-wife. It is an exceedingly funny picture 'to look at'; it don't *describe* so well however as we thought it would, 'by considerable'; but 'what is writ is writ.' Let it go. . . . HERE follows a '*Note from Peter Schemil to the Editor.*' The last-named functionary, not being aware that the proof-sheets had not been examined by the author, (they *were* read and copiously marked by *somebody*), did not deem it necessary to revise them, as usual, before sending them to press:

'DEAR OLD MR. KNICKERBOCKER: Your readers have every reason to sympathise with me in my most deplorable fate, which prevents me from correcting my proofs in person. Invisibility has had a new phase of suffering when my mss. are subjected to the torture of your compositors. There are several inaccuracies in the number for April, which I doubt not the good taste of your readers will have corrected in the reading, and which I will not notice; but they must have been mystified in reading, on page 319, 'The tendency of works of worth is to *find* in the flood of time,' instead of to *sink*; and on page 320, 'This war of opinion would be what Mr. CANNING so much *depicted*,' instead of *deprecat*ed; on page 326, 'As I *pressed* by her mother,' instead of 'as I *presumed*'; and the transformation of Prof. ACCUM's name to ACCUNT, on page 334. I observe, too, in the proof of the present number, which may not reach you in time for correction, that in a note on page 425, '*contemned*' is printed for '*contested*;' and on page 426, IVYSEN is substituted for NYSEN.

'I hope my mss. may be hereafter more fortunate, and I will try and make them more legible. I regret that my engagements compel me to send the mss. as draughted, and that I have no one to whom I can commit them for a fair copy.

'With very great respect,

'PETER SCHEMIL.'

We must be permitted to hope that our mysterious correspondent will at least make 'more legible' the proper names of the old worthies in Mrs. SMITH's library. Our compositors are not acquainted with them. . . . WE take sincere pleasure in calling public attention to Professor T. S. CUMMINGS' 'School of Design,' at the New-York University, and at his residence, No. 50, Walker-street. He gives day and evening lessons at both places; and a ladies' class assembles at the University at four in the afternoon. A branch of the school, under a competent instructor, includes also a juvenile class. Instruction of the soundest character is given in every branch of the arts. It is well remarked of Mr. CUMMINGS by Mr. BRYANT, that 'his known skill as an artist, together with his natural exactness, patience and assiduity, constitute him a most valuable instructor.' . . . 'JORJAZKINS' writes us that he is well acquainted with 'Stammering Tom,' who prevented the ugly man from taking advantage of his antagonist, as mentioned in our last: 'He is as well known at the west as the 'razor-strop man,' or the soft-voiced gentleman who vends 'any article on the board, four, f-o-u-r cents,' are here.' Here is another anecdote of the same party: 'Tom had engaged a berth on board a boat, and was waiting impatiently on the wharf for the appearance of the negro in whose hands he had placed his carpet-bag. The last bell rang; the gang-plank was drawn in-board; the hawsers were cast off; and just as the paddles made their first revolution, the 'darker' appeared. Thrusting his hands into the deepest recesses of his pockets, Tom apostrophized him thus: 'JIM! 'f-f- you were m-m-y pro-op-erty, there'd be a n-n-igger f-f-funeral to-m-morrow, and the co-co-mp'ny would n't m-move a step tow'rd the g-grave-yard 'till y-you had started!' . . . It would add greatly to the feeling with which these lines will be re-

garded by the reader, if he could hear our friend BROUGH sing them in his rich sonorous voice, to a charming air of Scotland; yet the verse will 'tell' even without these aids:

'Oh! see the camp's entrenched rings,
Where Roman eagles spread their wings;
But now the mountain-daisy springs
O'er former scenes of revelry.

'And ages since have rolled away,
The chieftain's cairns are old and gray;
The mouldering stones with time decay,
That mark'd the fields of chivalry.

'Then far the fame of Rome was spread,
And nations from her armies fled,
But here her bravest heroes bled,
Though vain was all their bravery.

'O! where is now the Roman name?
A legend only tells her fame;
But Scotia's sons are still the same,
The mountain sons of liberty!

'The pibroch's loud inspiring peal,
The Highland arms, the Highland steel,
That made the Romans backward reel,
Have never lost their energy.

'And may we long from war be free,
Our peaceful vales with rapture see,
And oft at eve with Highland glee
Awake our ancient minstrelsy.

'Yet be that spirit ever nursed,
That on the Roman legions burst,
And be the foreign arms accursed,
That wake again our energy!

'For all her sons shall bleeding lie,
Nor one be left to heave the sigh,
And Freedom's latest spark shall die,
E'er Scotia yield to slavery.'

Among the cards of May-day removal, which thicken upon us as a peculiarity of the season, we notice that of Mr. N. DODGE, the accomplished and popular dentist, whose residence is now at Number 634, Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets. To a thorough knowledge, theoretical and practical, of every branch of one of the most benevolent and humane of all the 'honorable professions,' Mr. DODGE adds the pleasant tact and the gentle ways which, to 'little people' and ladies, are important, if not indispensable. When a dentist is commended by children for his kindness of manner, (a fact with which we happen to be conversant,) we may well assume that he is 'at home' in one of the most essential points of his art. . . . Mrs. CHILD, in one of her late letters to the '*Boston Courier*,' has an account, which seems to be intended for a description, of the noble picture of MURILLO's 'Holy Family,' in the possession of a friend, to which we have heretofore alluded in the KNICKERBOCKER. Mrs. CHILD states that the possessor bought it originally for a moderate sum, and was not aware of its value until it had been sent to England to be cleansed. This is quite an error. It was purchased with a full knowledge of its great excellence, and for a large sum of money. A year or so previous to its being sent abroad, we devoted two or three pages to a description of it in this Magazine, for we fully shared with its enviable possessor the feeling of admiration with which he regarded it; and in November last we mentioned its complete restoration and return, and the increased value which had been placed upon it in England. Mrs. CHILD does not consider either the JOSEPH or the MOTHER beautiful. We cannot well see how any one can look at the face of that mother, overflowing with maternal affection; at those sweet blue eyes, with the soul's light beaming *through* them, and go away with an impression that the face is not truly a most lovely one. Ideals of beauty, however, are as various as human faces. . . . Most readers will remember the ill-favored fraternity mentioned by ADDISON, known as '*The Ugly Club*,' into which no person was admitted without a visible queeriness in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance. The club-room was decorated with the heads of eminent ogres, as THERITES, DUNS SCOTUS, SCARRON, etc.; in short, every thing was in keeping with the deformed objects of the association. They have a practice at the west of giving to the ugliest man in all the 'diggin's' round about, a jack-knife, which he carries until he meets with a man uglier than himself, when the new customer

'takes the knife' with all its honors. 'I. L., of this vicinity,' writes an occidental correspondent, 'had carried the knife for a long time, with no prospect of ever being called upon to 'stand and deliver' it. He had an under-lip which hung down like a motherless colt's, bending into a sort of pouch for a permanent chew of tobacco; his eyes had a diabolical squint *each way*; his nose was like a ripe warty tomato; his complexion that of an old saddle-flap; his person and limbs a miracle of ungainliness, and his gait a cross between the slouch of an elephant and the movement of a kangaroo. Yet this man was compelled to give up the knife! It chanced in this wise. He was *kicked in the face by a horse!* His 'mug' was smashed into an almost shapeless mass. When his face got well, however, it was so much *improved* by the lucky accident that he had to 'fork over the knife' to G. K., in an adjoining county'! . . . 'The Breaking Up of the Hudson,' in preceding pages, after having been sent to us with an urgent appeal for its insertion, seems at the same time to have been despatched to a metropolitan daily journal for a like purpose, and doubtless accompanied by kindred solicitation. We have several deferred manuscripts of the writer, received within the last six months, which are hereby placed at his disposal. . . . We have received since our last, fifty-eight articles, in prose and verse, which await examination. We shall report upon them in our next. Our Minister at the court of Sweden will accept our thanks for his favors. The KNICKERBOCKER will be greatly enriched by his communications. . . . *A word to our Private Correspondents:* The iron gray-hound that holds down our unanswered letters, (letters received while we are preparing our reviews and 'Table' necessarily remain unanswered until MAGA is at press,) will relax his paws before you will have perused this apologetic passage. You shall hear from us anon; 'PAUL,' 'J. N. B.,' 'Polygon,' 'Walking Gentleman'—'have at ye *all!*' presently.

LITERARY RECORD.—Among the recent publications of the BROTHERS HARPERS are two handsome volumes containing a '*Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during a Voyage round the World*;' by CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S. The voyage was made in the Beagle, an English national vessel; was undertaken for scientific objects, and performed at the expense and under the direction of the British government. The results of a voyage so extended could not fail to be of great interest, when recorded by a ready and pleasing writer, and such Mr. DARWIN has clearly proved himself to be. The HARPERS have also just issued *Zumpt's Latin Grammar*, corrected and enlarged by that eminent scholar, Professor CHARLES ANTHON, of Columbia College. The excellence of the work is acknowledged by all European scholars, it having already passed through nine editions. Professor ANTHON, always competent authority in such matters, pronounces the book 'the best work on the subject of Latin Grammar in the English language.' The pleasing and instructive story, '*Elizabeth Benton*,' an illustration of 'religion in connection with fashionable life,' and *Bishop Hopkins' Earnest Address to the Bishops, Clergy and Laity of the Episcopal Church*, from the same publishers, will command general perusal; the second from its brief but comprehensive historical sketch of what is denominated 'Puseyism,' and the first for its development of the value of the imagination in illustrating and enforcing important truths. . . . MESSRS. FRANCIS AND COMPANY have published in their 'Cabinet Library of choice Prose and Poetry,' '*Thoughts on the Poets*, by H. T. Tuckerman;' a series of excellent essays upon the writings of twenty-six true poets, whom the world will not let die, beginning with PETRARCH and ending with BRYANT, and including most of those great bards who have 'notched their fame upon the adamant of time' in both hemispheres. *Moore's Lalla Rookh* forms another number of the same desirable series of choice works. . . . BESIDE the entertaining '*Typee*,' elsewhere noticed, we have from MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM '*Thiodolf, the Iclander, from the German of Baron De la Motte Fouqué*, (which we cannot say we greatly affect,) Hazlitt's *Table-Talk*;' a well-known book; and '*Scenes and Thoughts in Europe, by an American*.' A hasty glance over the last-named work has left upon our mind a very favorable impression of the writer's abilities. His

style is out of the beaten track of foreign tourists, as are also, in a good degree, his themes, alike of distinguished scenes and distinguished men. The author is understood to be Mr. GEORGE H. CALVERT, of Baltimore. . . . MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY have sent us a copy of the first American from the sixth London edition of '*Arnold's Introduction to Latin Prose Composition*,' which well deserves the popularity it has acquired; '*Guizot's General History of Civilization in Europe*,' with notes by Rev. C. S. HENRY; and the third number of the 'Library of Popular Reading,' containing '*Marguerite de Valois, an Historical Romance*,' by ALEXANDER DUMAS. This last-named novel we have heard highly commended by competent judges, but we have not as yet found leisure for its perusal. . . . MESSRS. BAKER AND SCRIBNER have issued the third number of '*The Artists of America*,' by C. EDWARDS LESTER, containing a memoir and portrait of BENJAMIN WEST and GILBERT STUART. The engravings, typography and paper are excellent. The same publishers have sent us a volume on '*D'Aubigné and his Writings, with a sketch of the Life of the Author*,' by Rev. ROBERT BAIRD, D. D.; and a copy of the fourth edition of a work heretofore noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER, '*A Memoir of Mrs. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR, or an Illustration of the Work of the HOLY SPIRIT in awakening, renewing, and sanctifying the Heart*.' The book depicts, with touching interest, a tender wife and a devoted Christian. . . . '*The Philosophy of Reform*' is the title of a well-printed volume from the press of Messrs. GATES AND STEDMAN, which is warmly commended by many metropolitan clergyman, as 'very sound in its teaching, very seasonable, and written with much force and vigor of language.' The reverend commendators 'have the advantage' of us. We have not read a line of the book beyond its title-page, having as yet found no time to do so. . . . '*Hastings' Essays on Constitutional Reform*' in this state; published from the office of 'The Globe' in Fulton-street, will be deemed, we suspect, 'a rouser.' It treats, in no mealy-mouthed terms, of state credit, special legislation, election of officers by the people, the judiciary, simplification of law practice, city laws, license and inspection, religious tests, etc. The writer once created quite a fluttering among the judges and chancellors of the city by an article in these pages upon 'The Delays of Justice.' The 'feathers flew' then, and we doubt not but they will fly now. The remarks of the author upon the accumulation of learned lumber in legal reports are well-timed and note-worthy. We have heretofore had our say on that theme. . . . MESSRS. LEAVITT AND TROW, in a very neat little volume, have given us a '*Life of Julius Caesar*,' no part of which is derived from any book in the English language, except a description of Britain. It is taken entirely from Greek and Latin authors; and sets vividly before us the singular force and grandeur of CÆSAR's character; his sharp insight, his sagacious, comprehensive and practical views; his boldness of conception, his indomitable perseverance, his unswerving decision, and his power over armies, popular assemblies, and men of genius, rank and fame. . . . WE have two more numbers of '*Frost's Pictorial History of the World*' from the publishers, Messrs. WALKER AND GILLIS, Philadelphia. The work is continued in the same excellent style in which it was commenced, both as regards the matter and the excellent typography, paper and engravings. It should, and doubtless does, command a wide sale. . . . THERE lies on our table the '*Twenty-seventh Annual Report and Documents of the New-York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb*.' It is well written, and replete with interesting facts. We are glad to learn that its usefulness is constantly increasing. 'Within a few years,' says the Principal, 'the number of our pupils has more than doubled, and the advance of the Institution in the value of its results and in public estimation has been in equal or greater ratio.' Some of the specimens of composition of the pupils are amusing. We observe in one of them an old word used in a new form. The mute 'speaks of a boy who 'noised' when he was up in a tree stealing apples, which attracted the attention of a dog, who ran under the tree and 'looked at him very sharp.' . . . MESSRS. WYMAN AND NEWELL's '*Library of Sacred Music*,' the second number of which is before us, appears to us to be an excellent work. The present number contains ten pieces of approved music, including a 'Solo and Chorus from the Seven Sleepers.' . . . Mr. HEADLEY's last work, '*NAPOLÉON and his Marshals*,' has just been issued by BAKER AND SCRIBNER. It includes, in the first volume, NAPOLÉON and nine of his marshals; and is written with great force and spirit. We shall notice the work more at large hereafter; and in the mean time we commend it cordially to our readers. . . . '*The Guest*' is the pretty title of a very handsome weekly journal, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, and edited by Mrs. R. S. NICHOLS, of whose fine poetical talents our readers are not ignorant. It is an interesting and well-filled literary sheet. We observe in glancing over it a specimen of grandiloquence which is amusing. Speaking of a contemporary's notice of its first number, it says: 'It took us up very gingerly, and dropped us as suddenly as one would a certain esculent edible which had become so thoroughly impregnated with caloric, as to render it rather a difficult and precarious matter to hold in one's fingers.' In other words, let us explain, it 'dropped it like a hot potato!'